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MADNESS THE RAGE;

OR,

MEMOIRS

OF

A MAN WITHOUT A NAME.

Andire, atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis
Ambitione malâ, aut argenti pallet amore;
Quisquis luxuriâ, tristive superstitione,
Aut alio mentis morbo calet: huc propius me,
Dum doceo insanire omnes; vos ordine adite.

HORAT.

—Nunc accipe quare
Desipiant omnes.

HORAT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,
PATERNOSTER-ROW; AND T. GILLET,
CROWN-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

1810

T. Gillet, Printer, Crown-court, Fleet-street.



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PREFACE.

“ PERDITION seize the Muses!” exclaimed a voice, “ Perdition seize them! I abjure the beggarly tribe for ever!” The door was half open: so tempting an opportunity I could not resist, and I entered.

A young man was seated at a table, on which were spread, in promiscuous disorder, paper, books, a tobacco-pipe, an ink-stand, and a porter-mug. Upon my entrance, he started up, and exclaimed—

“ My dear Sir, I am prodigiously

glad to see you. How can I serve you? Sonnet, ode, madrigal, or elegy: I have them all at your service; sonnets more tender than *Petrarch's*; odes more sublime than *Pindar's*; madrigals more amorous than *Waller's*; and elegies more plaintive than *Tibullus's*."

I explained to the author, for such he appeared to be, that I wanted neither sonnet, nor ode, nor madrigal, nor elegy, but was merely attracted by the singular expressions I had heard him utter as I passed near his door.

"My dear, Sir," he answered, "the Muses have used me most ungratefully. I entered into their service many years since; but though I have sedulously and unremittingly served them, they have suffered me to languish in poverty. Indeed, I am quite a martyr to their

cause, my father having disinherited me, under an impression that I was *non compos*. In brief, after having written all my pens to the stump, and my fingers to the bone; after having fretted, and fasted, and starved, during the last ten years, in the service of these niggardly patrons, I had just come to the resolution to cut the connexion, and to sell off the few manuscripts that I have by me; for you see my other moveables have been kindly moved away by my landlady, as a security for her rent."

I asked him what he expected for his manuscripts, which lay in wild disorder in a trunk in the corner. He mentioned a small sum, which, in pity to his sufferings, I immediately handed over to him. And now, my good Sir, conti-

nued the author, "you have made me the happiest of men."

"I will purchase myself a decent suit, and betake myself to the counting-house of an old friend of my late father, where I shall receive a good salary, although I shall have plenty to do for it. From henceforth, I shall make use of no other *figures* save those used in pounds, shillings and pence. I shall take no other *flights* save those to *Islington*, or *Hackney*. I shall prefer a glass of *brown stout* to all the waters of *Helicon*; and I shall beg leave to quit the service of those mistresses, who never pay *in specie*, but in *paper*, and that too not *current*; and who suffer us to fatten, if we can, upon the substantial food of air."

I congratulated him upon the good

sense of his intentions, and we parted. I immediately hastened home to inspect my purchase: I found it contained a number of scraps of poetry; many loose essays; some satirical effusions; and a manuscript entitled, *Madness the Rage; or Memoirs of a Man without a Name.*

Struck with the singularity of the title, I opened the manuscript; it was written in a different hand from the others, which alone would be sufficient to induce a persuasion, that it was not the production of the same person, although the style and composition had not been, as they were, so decidedly different from the style and composition of all the other papers, as to place the fact beyond all possibility of question.

I perused the manuscript with no less pleasure than avidity; and I began to

think of giving it to the world. But, that I might do nothing rashly, I resolved to take the opinion of some of my friends upon the subject. I therefore put the manuscript into my pocket, and set off to call upon them, having taken the precaution to carry a pencil with me, for the purpose of drawing it over any part to which objections should be made.

The first person I called upon was a man of approved *prudence*; one whose actions having ever been regulated by sage caution and mature reflection, was esteemed by the whole parish as a perfect *Sir Oracle*; a man who never spoke but in apophthegms and proverbs.

With the most profound veneration, I approached this highly-applauded be-

ing, dreading his censure as a sentence of death ; praying for his approbation as a passport to eternal fame. The moment he cast his eyes on the title, he exclaimed, “ *Umph !* ” — *Umph !* re-echoed my feelings as they fell below the freezing point. He took off his spectacles, wiped them very carefully, shut them up, put them into the case, and then, having stirred the fire, and hemmed three times, this mountain in labour approached his delivery.

“ Young man,” he said, “ it is my opinion that the *title* of your book is by no means proper. I have many reasons for thinking that it is highly dangerous : nor is this all ; it is deficient in that respect and good-breeding, to which society is entitled from all the members who compose it ; for certainly nothing can more decidedly violate respect and

good-breeding than to call your book, *Madness the Rage.*"

He was going on; but as I knew he would stick to his objections to the title, although he descanted until Doomsday, and as I thought, that in the profundity of his prudence, he might proceed to discover what did not exist, I retired with no very high respect for the talents of those who, as *Yorick* would say, could see treason where no treason was meant nor intended.

My next application was to a man of deep learning, if a knowledge in those antiquated trifles, which the good sense of mankind has concurred with time in forgetting, *ought* to be called learning. It was, he said, worthy of diligent inquiry to ascertain the *name* of the author; and if I would delay the publica-

tion until he had given the world the two *folios* he was about to send forth upon the *Sandal of Helen*, he would write a treatise upon the subject.

I thanked him for his offer; but I told him I could not think of monopolizing his talents for such a purpose, and I therefore declined it, especially as I was apprehensive it might induce him to delay his immortal work on *Helen's Sandal*; for which I heard the world was impatient. Is it not Sterne that says there are a good many husks and shells in literature?

My third visit was paid to a lady, whose feelings and taste were much applauded by all the novel-reading girls in her parish. She cast her eyes over a few chapters, and then said the work would never do.

“ Why, my dear Madam ? ”

“ Why ? ” reiterated this female devotee of feeling, “ Why, Sir ? How can you possibly ask the question ?—Love ! divine pulsation ! thrilling perfection ! essential intelligence ! inscrutable sympathy ! Say, Sir, where is it, in your manuscript ? ”

“ My dear Madam,” I replied, “ I do not quite understand you ; there is love and love enough for any *reasonable* man.”

“ You are mistaken, Sir,” she answered. “ Love ought to *glisten* in every page ; *glow* in every passage ; *warm* in every line, and *burn* in every word.”

“ My dear Madam, you would raise such a *flame* as would inevitably con-

sume the book, the author, and his reputation, at one and the same moment."

"Do not tell me," she retorted. "Love is the whole business of life: all other concerns are tame, gross, and insipid. Do not tell me that a good novel is a picture of life, it is a picture of *love*; and every thing not connected with the divine passion should be blotted from the canvas. Here," she exclaimed, putting a novel into my hands, "here is a work executed as it ought to be."

I cast my eyes over the table of contents; I found that the hero had fought four duels, killed three rivals, plunged twice into a roaring torrent, had gone into exile, &c. &c.; and had at last married the heroine, who had been in situations of so critical a nature, as

would have excited the suspicions of any man less in love than the hero. The result of all the different events of the piece, when summed up, amounted to fourteen duels, twenty-four murders, forty-nine faintings, five hundred and fifty-four letters, two thousand dreams, fifteen thousand sighs, an upset, a shipwreck, and five weddings. Never, perhaps, were nuptials more opportune. I did not wonder that the poor devils should have been driven into marriage, to escape such a succession of misfortunes as pelted them during their state of *single blessedness*!

Having returned this immaculate production into the hands of its fair patron, I bowed and retired, being firmly persuaded that the belief of mankind is by no means in proportion to the truth of their opinions; and that, though the

enlightened mind may doubt, superstition and ignorance will not forfeit their prerogative, but sleep as securely, as they believe implicitly.

My next visit was to a lady, less, as I thought, the dupe of feeling; and from whom, as her imagination was not so much heated, I expected a more sober judgment; but, perhaps, when I have detailed the result of my conference, the reader may be inclined to think, that though her imagination did not glow, her judgment doated. She told me, with a very serious air, that I had not narrative enough, and that the reasoning parts of the work ought entirely to be omitted. It was in vain I urged, that I did not consider myself bound to reject an opinion, nor a sentiment connected with the design of the author, or which naturally flowed from the premises:

that the author's opinions and sentiments were, generally speaking, either of the one sort or the other: but that, were they not so, I should hesitate before I presumed to mutilate that which I found entire. It was in vain I urged, that as the author had in the title of his book assumed a bold position, it was but just to hear what he had to say in support of it; and that, by expunging the reasoning parts, we should act unjustly, for we should reject before we had heard his defence. It was in vain I contended, that the object of the author was to instruct as well as to amuse; and that works which merely do the latter are but *half works*, if the expression may be allowed.

After talking for half an hour, I perceived, what I might have perceived at first, that I did but talk to the wind, so

fully persuaded was this lady of the truth of *her own* opinion, that in the warmth of the delusion, she would have preferred the History of Jack the Giant Killer to Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, or the History of Tom Thumb to the Principia of Newton.

Finding that she was not to be persuaded to give up her opinion, but that, like obstinate people in general, the more reasons I advanced against it, the more she was determined to adhere to it, and not to abandon that opinion which, when deserted by every thing like reason, had nothing but her patronage to countenance it; finding this, I reluctantly took out my pencil, and, in pursuance of my original intention, I drew it, with a sigh, over the parts which had been successively objected to. I paused here to contemplate the

confusion which my critical advisers had occasioned ; and I sighed, as I perceived that nothing now remained but *half* of the title-page, and a small portion of the narrative.

My last visit was paid to a man famous for his critical lore and *acumen*. The *three unities* were held by him as the sacred foundation of all criticism ; and, in his attachment to them, he was frequently induced to apply them in a manner which served rather to evince his fondness for them, than to display the soundness and purity of his judgment. After having perused my work, he advised me to strike out the *whole* of the narrative. By this plan, he said, I should avoid any question about the unities of *time and place* ; and no question whatever could occur, as I had sedulously preserved the unity of *subject*.

I ventured, with all imaginable humility, to submit, that the strictness he inculcated in his law of unity was not here to be attended to, for that it did not apply to the nature of the work; and that as it was a *penal* law, it ought not to be extended beyond the letter.

I will not detain the reader with detailing this unprofitable dispute. Let it suffice, that I could gain no quarter from this dovotee of unity; and I, therefore, again took out my pencil, and drawing it over the residue of the narrative, I found that no part of the work was remaining in the approbation of which ALL concurred. Nothing was left save the mere half of the title-page—"Memoirs of a Man without a Name."—The expression of Lucan was never more unhappily verified; it was

nominis umbra, the mere shadow of a name, and that was all.

I confess I was extremely mortified at my ill success; and I could not refrain from mentioning all the circumstances of my case to a very particular friend: he smiled; and, after comparing my case to that of the man and his son, who, in the management of their ass, would fain please every body, although they had in the end pleased nobody, he told me that the persons whom I had consulted were, in every sense of the word, incompetent to the task of true criticism; that the timidity of the *prudent* man; the narrowness of the *antiquarian*; the idolatry of the *devotee of love*; the infatuation of the *devotee of narrative*, and the prejudices of the *learned man*, were so many dense mediums, through which the mental eye

of each individual could not penetrate; that their perceptions, obscured and broken as they were, could be entitled neither to respect nor attention; that to suffer ourselves to be led by them, would be to submit to the direction of the blind, or, what is worse, to the guidance of those who, imagining they see clearly, would lead us into errors, which the caution of those truly blind would avoid.

How easily are we persuaded to follow our own inclinations!—I determined, therefore, to publish, and to leave the issue to the decision of a candid Public.

THE EDITOR.

MADNESS THE RAGE.

CHAPTER I.

READER,

As I have not treated thee with that sweet delicious *morçeau* called a preface, I will, from the pure spirit of benevolence, favour thee with an introductory chapter. If thou hast no wit, and yet hast wit enough to be sensible of thy own deficiency, pass the chapter over in silence ; but if thy brain be of true *Shandean* spirit—if it be of genuine *Gulliverian* texture—thou wilt be inexpressibly delighted in the perusal ; for I mean, that is, if I do not forget my meaning before I have finished the chapter, I mean, I say, to

appropriate it to the describing of the greatest man that ever lived. Now, to prevent the inconvenience that would result to your poor Fancy, were her ladyship obliged to hire post-horses, and ride to the circulating library of the next town to enquire, who the *greatest* man that ever lived is—I will, from the genuine spirit of good-nature, inform thee that I mean *myself*. Impudent fellow ! you exclaim. It is very true, my dear sir : but shut the door, stir the fire, and draw your chair a little nearer to me, and I will tell you—a secret.

I am the lawful son of Impudence. Do you know, that never was poor son either prouder or fonder of his parent, than I am of mine ; and, I flatter myself, not without reason. I am proud of my mother, because she is the greatest of beings—a deity, under whose auspices the most wonderful actions have

been performed ; and I am fond of her because she is fond of me ; from which latter circumstance it must be evident, that my mother is by no means a fashionable mother, for that would have altered the case widely, in this age of refinement, when a fashionable woman is much more likely to be attached to her lap-dog than to her child. From the power and the affection of my mother, I hope every thing ; and that she can perform wonders is evident, from the example of the ancients, many of whom highly distinguished themselves, merely from enjoying her patronage.

Does not that poetical madman, Mr. Pindar, modestly compare himself to the eagle soaring above the ken of his enemies and rivals, the jackdaws ? It should seem that the critics had, previously to this *royal* flight of Pindar, some doubt whether they should prefer

his odes, or those of a garrulous, pert, boarding-school girl, called Miss Corinna; but the moment the ode, in which the above *modest* comparison was made, appeared, the reviewers no longer hesitated; for, perceiving that Pindar was of true Hibernian extraction; that his muse was not retarded by the dull and leaden wings of modesty; and that, in brief, he was warmly patronized by Impudence; the reviewers, I say, perceiving these things, instantly adjudged in his favor, although they had previously, in one or two instances, adjudged in favor of Miss Corinna.

The consequences of Pindar's success were very serious to Miss Corinna; she had published a very elegant edition of her odes; they were printed on wove paper, hot-pressed, with beautiful vignettes, &c. &c. and bound in Russia. She was obliged to dispose of the whole

impression to the pastry-cooks of Greece; and to this circumstance it is owing, that none of her works have descended to the present day. Had my mother, Impudence, patronized them, they would have been immortal.

Another example of the all-commanding power of Impudence, we have in the person of Horace. His odes were at first in little repute; indeed, my mother has often told me, that the ballad-singers of Rome purchased them at the rate of two-pence a dozen. Now, you must know, Reader, that this Horace was a cunning dog. I have heard it whispered that he was, on his mother's side, related to a Scotchman. This Horace being a cunning dog, and perceiving that, unless he was patronized by Impudence, he should ere long be turned out of his garret, contrived to

get a letter of recommendation to my mother.

To be brief—she patronized him; and, at her suggestion, he instantly wrote and published that famous ode,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius
Regalique situ pyramidum altius.*

Scarcely was this ode published, ere a note came from the minister Mæcenas, inviting —— Horace, Esq. to dine with him. The intimacy increased to such a degree, that the poet was ever after in the habit of familiar intercourse with the minister; they drank their *cœcubus*; you may call it Madeira, if you like that term better; took coffee together; played at back-gammon: nor were these

* More durable than brass, the frame
Which here I consecrate to Fame.

FRANCIS.

the only advantages the poet gained ; he obtained a pension, which enabled him to keep his brace of girls, drive his curricule, and sport a country-seat ; in short, to knock himself in the head as expeditiously as possible, and in the most gentlemanly manner.

One more example from the classic shades of antiquity, and I have done.

Ovid was a mere Sternhold in the public opinion, and of little estimation, notwithstanding all his poetical genius, until he took a hint from his acquaintance, Horace, and modestly asserted, that he had written what would live for ever ; in other words, that his works would live in despite of the unpitying flame of the insensible cook-maid, and the corroding breath of envious reviewers.

*Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.**

But, perhaps, Reader, you may tell me these are antiquated instances. True, but nothing is more easy than to produce innumerable modern instances, in which the patronage of my mother, Impudence, has carried fortune and honor in its train.

When a minister tells the nation, that the actions performed under his administration surpass all that Alexander, Cyrus, and Alfred, ever performed, he becomes, through the magical effect inseparably attached to consummate impudence, he becomes the admiration of

*My finish'd work nor heeds the ire of Jove,
Nor sword, nor fire, to genius frowning death;
Borne on the wings of fame, it soars above,
Nor heeds of Time the bloom-corroding breath.

EDITOR.

his own party, and the terror of the opposition ; whilst, were he modest and unassuming, he might, like Addison, afford a proof, that talents and genius are but a baseless structure, unless supported by the all-powerful aid of Impudence.

Let us take our next example from the bar ; a profession which, perhaps, is more indebted to the patronage of my mother than any other. Let the advocate for the injured party state, in the simple and uninflamed language of truth, the cause of his client ; let him sedulously avoid all bombast and declamation—how calm, how unmoved is the jury ! But stop, his opponent rises ; his opponent, the advocate for flagrant inhumanity, and unblushing injustice ; he boldly advances to the charge ; he asserts, with unvarying cheek, the honor of his client, and bountifully bespatters

the character of the unoffending and injured claimant for justice.

Short is the struggle. Truth and innocence are conquered; whilst Vice, under the patronage of Impudence, elevates her accursed head, and rises another step in the scale of society.

Who will deny the power of that deity? Who can thus wash an Ethiop white? If any one is hardy enough to deny it, let him cast his eyes on Doctor ———. His name stands high in the roll of quackery. He was originally bred——faith, I know not what. Let it suffice, it was to a business, in which a good character was by no means part of the stock in trade. This was lucky; for nature and education had, between them, made him a complete rascal. There is very little doubt, but that he would have acquired a fortune in his trade,

had not some scruples occurred to him. Scruples ! you exclaim. Yes, sir, but not those of honesty, for he had none ; not those of conscience, for he had long since parted with it. What scruples then ? Why, you must know that he had observed, that most of the men who were employed in his trade were, sooner or later, *hanged*. Now he had no scruples to cheat, murder, &c. &c. but he had some scruples how far it might be for the *honor* of his family, and for the benefit of his fortune and health, to be *hanged* ; he, therefore, bethought him of some other business, which was equally lucrative, and unattended with danger ; and as he perceived that the credulity of mankind rendered them fond of miracles, he turned *quack-doctor* ; and thus, under the patronage of my mother, Impudence, obtained a patent to physic, to cheat, and to kill, all the fools who would suffer him. He

found that they by no means constituted a small part of society ; nor were they by any means poor, since they could afford to pay *him* near six thousand pounds a year ; whilst science, benevolence, and genius, languish in the person of Dr. H——, unemployed and unpraised.

Canst thou, Reader, not see the reason ? Dr. H—— merely can perform for his patients, all that physic, when directed by science, and operating on mortality, can perform ; whilst Dr. B—— can do more. He can draw—*bills on immortality* ; whether they are *accepted* concerns neither you nor me, it is sufficient that we never mean to *take* them.

If, then, such are the wonders performed under the mere patronage of Impudence, what may I not expect ? I

who, in addition to enjoying her patronage, inherit a portion of her soul? Yes! I think as all the authors who have preceded me must, in this respect, be far behind me; so the moment these volumes meet the light, all their works must sink into oblivion. Whether I have genius or not; though I confidently assert that my genius far surpasses every other that ever has existed, or ever will exist; whether I have genius or not, has nothing to do with it.

I have abundance of true, genuine, unsophisticated impudence; and in the present day, thanks to our communication with Ireland; thanks to dull reviewers, and still duller readers, Impudence without Genius can perform wonders, whilst Genius without Impudence (alas, dearest of friends —) will languish in obscurity, unheard of, and unknown.

Reader, ere you turn to the following pages, truth extorts from me the confession, that they are not entirely my own composition. Many years have elapsed since chance threw them into my way. I found them in manuscript; and perceiving that the poor author's attempt was to elevate virtue and reason, and at the same time depress vice and folly, I could not forbear laughing at his singular simplicity; and I, therefore, determined to give the work to the world, in order that others may laugh with me.

I have generally rigidly adhered to the work as I found it; but, in justice to myself, I should declare, that I have added many brilliant passages, which I forbear to particularize, because they will, by the transcendent glow around them, point out their author.

On the back of the manuscript there was a memorandum, indicating that the work was a translation only, and that many of the names of places, &c. had been purposely modernized by the translator. I think this circumstance necessary to be stated, lest any one should imagine, from the recurrence of names which are familiar to him, that he had discovered the country in which the scene is laid. Having said thus much I am silent. I should be sorry to prevent the many sage conjectures, which the profound Doctor P——, in his little wig; or the acute Miss Deborah C——, in her hooped petticoat, will certainly make, as to the country in which the scene is laid. Besides, I have another reason for my silence—I am very loth to tell the Reader *what I do not know myself*.

I have only one thing more to add;

it is to caution the Reader, lest he should forget that the following sheets may be considered as having two authors, namely, the real author and the son of Impudence. If, therefore, any thing appear incompatible with the character of the real author, let the Reader ascribe it to the son of Impudence, and *vice versâ*.

CHAPTER II.

APPROACH, my fair reader, approach the scenes of my infancy ; may every soft and gentle emotion be thine ! may every passion be lulled into peace ! may thy bosom resemble the lake, as it slumbers beneath the silvery moon-beam, when not a breeze disturbs its enchanting stilness, but all around it is harmony and peace ! Thus affected, thy sensations will be congenial to the divine tranquillity that reigns around the sweet cottage of *Mon Repos* ; and the scene will perpetuate the celestial calm that pervades thy bosom ; and Benevolence, the native goddess of these shades, will weave for thee a wreath whose fragrance shall never die.

The cottage of *Mon Repos* was almost surrounded by a lofty and venerable wood, which had the prescriptive right of adding majesty to the scene around it, and affording a retreat for the pure and philosophic spirit of its owner. In the front of the cottage, a lawn spread its tasteful surface, which was rendered still more beautiful by an irregular, yet placid stream, which crept along its borders.

This delicious spot was the chosen residence of my father. My father ! Ye powers that soften the human bosom ; that call forth the bursting sigh ; that speak in the eloquent tear, why is my cheek moist at the mention of his venerated name ? Why, alas, why should I ask the question ? This heart shall cease to beat, yet its last pulsation shall be loaded with regret, for the loss

which, venerated shade, I sustained in thee !

I do not tell thee, fair reader, that the spot to which I have conducted thy wandering footsteps was made for the express residence of my father. I tell thee it was the chosen residence of my venerated parent, and that it was to this divine spot he retired in the autumn of his days, after having consumed the early part of his life in serving his country.

My father's natural disposition was contemplative ; his mind was enriched with the classic stores of antiquity ; he had drank deep of the stream, over which the spirit of poesy eternally spreads her wing ; yet had he not neglected the pages of science, nor the rolls of history. Had my father merely consulted his natural disposition, he

never would have emerged from the calm and retired vale of life ; but he saw the imperious claims of duty, which told him, in the forcible language of Montesquieu, “that at our coming into the world, we contract an immense debt to our country, which we can never discharge.”

To be sensible of a duty was with my father the same thing as to endeavour to discharge it. He forsook the thrice beloved shades of *Mon Repos* : he plunged into public life ; and, for upwards of twenty years, he played a part the most difficult, and the most invidious, that of a pure and disinterested patriot.

It was during this period that he became acquainted with my mother, who was the daughter of a gallant soldier. My mother's father had fought and bled for

his country, but his country had neglected him; and it was to the noble and unsolicited patronage of my father that he owed his support, when the winter of life had silvered over his brow.

The soldier was grateful; he gave my father his daughter, and thus confirmed the happiness of both; and then, having thanked the Deity, he ceased to breathe.

Reader, should it be thy fate, as it was his, to experience injustice, and to sleep beneath an unmarked sod, fear not, there is a Deity who shall reward thy virtue—fear not, “for there is another, and a better world!”

CHAPTER III.

My father had long filled the most arduous duties, when his health began visibly to decline. At first he disregarded those appearances which threatened the worst consequences; for the vigor of his mind lent an energy to his whole frame.

His disorder, in a short time, increased to such an alarming degree, that he suffered himself to be persuaded to retire to his favourite retreat of *Mon Repos*. The change of air was productive of beneficial consequences, though he never sufficiently recovered to take an active part in public life. When he perceived that the precarious state of

his health rendered him incapable of filling the situation which he had formerly occupied, he determined to spend the remainder of his days beneath the shades of his nativity. Released from the public cares, which had long occupied his attention, he flattered himself that he should experience much pleasure in directing the studies of my youth ; an employment for which he was no less adapted by his literary qualifications, than by the pure and chastened affection he entertained for me. Before I enter upon the plan which my father pursued in my education, it may not be irrelative, if I make the reader acquainted with his peculiar set of opinions.

My father had read, but what is more, he had digested the best writers upon the subject of the mind, from

Aristotle to Locke. He had compared their writings with each other ; but, as he considered them only as so many comments upon the text of Nature, he referred to the text itself, and studied it with the care of a good critic, and the integrity of an honest man. The result was a conclusion, which he sometimes couched in the expression, "*Madness is the rage:*" sometimes comprized in the assertion, "*that by far the greatest part of mankind are mad.* If it be objected, that there is a difference of meaning in these expressions, it must be confessed, that it is extremely slight, and it may easily be accounted for, by referring to the view my father took of the subject, according to the different aspects under which the disease presented itself to his eye.

Convinced that the evil was by far

more general than the self-love of mankind was inclined to allow, it seemed to him immaterial, whether he made use of one expression or the other, when each expression implied the *extensive influence* of the disease. As many years have elapsed since the pure spirit of my father winged its course to another world, I have, as it may easily be believed, forgotten many of the authorities which he was in the habit of citing in support of his opinion. I remember, however, that he used strongly to insist upon the authority of the immortal Locke, who, in speaking of *madness*, expressly says, that “opposition to reason deserves the name, and is really madness; and that there is scarcely a man so free from it, but that if he should always, on all occasions, argue or do, as in some cases he constantly does, would not be thought fitter for

Bedlam than civil conversation; and if there be a weakness to which all men are so liable; if this be a taint which so universally affects mankind, the greater care should be taken to lay it open under its due name, thereby to excite the greater care in its prevention and cure."

My father often acknowledged, that when the idea was first presented to his mind, he was disposed to doubt a conclusion so disgraceful to human nature, and which dethroned so great a mass of mankind from their boasted empire of reason: but as reflection advanced her tardy-footed labours; as memory collected her far-scattered records, he by degrees embraced the conclusion, that vices and follies were but so many different degrees of the same distemper; so many different species of madness.

Audire atque togam jubeo componere quisquis
 Ambitione malâ aut argenti pallet amore:
 Quisquis luxuriâ tristive superstitione
 Aut alio mentis morbo calet. Huc proprius me
 Dum doceo iusanire omnes, vos ordine adite.*

HORATIUS.

At other times, my father would bring forward the authority of the Stoics, among whom it was a maxim, that all those who do not live up to the principles of reason and virtue, are madmen.

Quem mala stultitia, et quæcunque inscitia veri,
 Cæcum agit, insanum chrysippi porticus et grex

*Come all whose breasts with bad ambition rise,
 Or the pale passion, that for money dies,
 With luxury, or superstition's gloom,
 What'er disease your health of mind consume,
 Compose your robes: in decent ranks draw near,
 And, that ye all are mad, with reverence hear.

WOT.

FRANCIS.

Autumat : hæc populos, hæc magnos formula reges
 Excepto sapiente, tenet.* HORATIUS.

Hobbes asserted, that men are naturally in a state of actual war, for they go armed, and have locks and keys to fasten their doors ; but my father asserted, and he asserted it with the warmth of a favourite axiom, that men, generally speaking, are in a state of actual madness, since they ardently pursue vice and folly, than which, nothing can be more opposite, or contrary to reason, and since each individual act of vice, or folly, is such a dereliction from reason, as to amount to an act of madness.

* Whom various follies, or whom falsehood blind,
 Are by the Stoics held of madding kind.
 All but the wise are by this process bound,
 The subject nations and the monarch crown'd.

FRANCIS.

At another time, I remember, that my father brought forward L'Estrange, who says, "He that eagerly pursues any thing is no better than a madman." How calm! how dispassionate are the virtuous! How temperate, how philosophical, is the pursuit of virtue! So much so, that some have thought there was no pursuit at all, and that virtue, like an old maid, was neither courted nor pursued. On the contrary, with what eagerness, energy, application, and spirit, are vice and folly pursued! In the warmth of the pursuit, how often do we see fortune, fame, and honour, forsaken or destroyed! How often do we see talents misapplied and debased! How often do we sigh over the premature setting of a genius, whose splendid orb would have gilded the brow of his country with a lustre, doomed never to perish.

The authorities now quoted, in support of my father's opinion, are merely what occur at the moment. I shall, probably, in the course of my narrative, recal others to my mind.

CHAPTER IV.

BUT what, exclaims my reader, is *your* opinion! Do *you* concur with your father? What is your opinion, I ask? My opinion! My dear Sir, excuse me; it is my business to write, not to reason. Do not, I beseech you, think this a silly distinction; for in the present day, to write and to reason are things *essentially* different.

To the proof! you exclaim. Reason is a goddess, whose sway is *nominally* very great, though in *reality* it extends over but a very small portion of mankind. Should you but suppose that the whole host of writers were her sub-

jects, she would have a far more populous kingdom than any monarch who has ever reigned, not excepting the goddess of Folly herself, *ultra Gades*, &c. Our partiality for modern times, a partiality, in this instance, founded upon the most singular justice and good sense, our partiality, I say, for modern times induces us boldly and confidently to assert, that in no respect do we excel the ancients more decidedly and clearly, than in that most sublime, most profound art, the art of writing without reasoning.

Indeed, to such perfection has it been carried in modern times, that I have often been inclined to think the whole merit of the invention is of right due to these times. It is true we read of a few among the ancients, who sometimes amused themselves with attempt-

ing this art ; but their attempts were awkward, and, in general, unsuccessful ; for Reason would, “ ever and anon,” break through the cloud which surrounded her. Now I would ask, what are these few, when compared to the host we can reckon among the moderns—the learned C—, the verbose B—, the affecting D—? I might run through the English alphabet—the English did I say? nay, the Greek, Hebrew, Scandinavian, Chinese, &c. &c. without being able to find letters by which I could designate their names. Such is the inimitable perfection to which these authors have carried the art, that one unvarying strain of stupidity, sophistry, and dulness, pervades their works, from the taking title-page to the still more taking, yet awful “ finis.”

Peace be to their ashes ! I cannot say to their souls ; for, if we may credit a late writer, it is probable they had none. I speak boldly ; for I am proud to say, that there is many an author now existing, entitled to a branch from the same laurel whose leaves I entwine around his predecessor's brows.

Sume superbiam

Quæsitam meritis.*

HORATIUS.

It is true some of these gentlemen have enrolled themselves under the banners of Reason. This is a mere *nominal* distinction ; and when we remember that this has been entitled “ an Age of Reason,” we must admire their cunning ; they have merely enlisted themselves under Reason, because she is the fashionable captain of the day ; but they

* Assume the honours justly thine.

FRANCIS.

have nothing else to do with her, being merely *honorary* members of her corps.

I acknowledge that such a body of men may be said to be highly useful to the state. Destitute of any of those bloody, savage, ungentlemanly propensities, which would induce this man to whip the sword of Reason through the body of his friend, they are a harmless, inoffensive standing set of men, and remind one of Lord Chesterfield's pasteboard army; they are admirably adapted for a field day, and supported at a small expense. So fully sensible am I of their superior worth, when compared to your deep reasoners, and active fighters, your Locke, Julius Cæsar, Mahomet, &c. &c. that I am extremely anxious to keep up the breed; and I have therefore, more than once bethought me of a plan, which might conduce to the pre-

serving of it in all the purity in which it now exists.

Sometimes it has occurred to me to make them fellows of a college ; but to this plan there is one objection. I should not fear that, generally speaking, they would become reasoners—No, no, of that there is no more danger than of St. Paul's dancing a horn-pipe. I say *generally* speaking, for I would by no means include every man who is a fellow, since it has been my fate to know men in that situation ; and I can particularly mention my own two tutors, who have been, and are, an honor to human nature. If, then, you exclaim, you do not fear that they would become reasoners, what do you dread ? I dread lest *they would never write* ; in other words, lest they should fall victims to that stupor of idleness so prevalent within collegiate cells.

My next plan to preserve the race is to cram their heads full of school-logic, heraldry, antiquities, &c. This I have often known a sovereign antidote to reason, whilst the *cacoethes scribendi*, as Juvenal terms it, has entirely usurped the whole man.

Another plan has suggested itself to me : I would impregnate the heads of the party with a certain quantity of conceit. Now conceit is only so much air ; and we know, without studying Sir Isaac, that air only occupies a space, which is unoccupied by any thing else. From hence it follows, that when a man's head is well furnished, there is little or no room for this air, which we term conceit ; but when it happens that his skull is very empty, there is a great deal of room for it. Hence, fools having much emptiness of

skull have much conceit, which conceit is an effectual obstacle to reason, and, at the same time, not unfrequently generates a kind of rash at the finger's ends, which generally dies away in a certain irregular motion, from whence we have writing.

But, perhaps, there is one objection to this plan. When a man has a certain quantity of this *fixed air* in his skull, it might be dangerous to suffer him to go abroad. Tom Thumb may think himself the Irish giant. What then? you say. Why, he is, I must admit, only Tom Thumb, let him think as he may. But suppose, my dear sir, he should persuade a set of fellows, whose garrets are no better furnished than his own, that they ought to be seditious? Knock them in the head, you say. True, but you forget it may hap-

pen that they may knock you in the head *before* you can dispatch them, and that the doctor may die by taking the dose he intended to administer to his patient—even before he could exclaim to the patient turned doctor, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*.

But these, I acknowledge, are important inquiries; my genius alone is commensurate to them; and that genius, should it receive the encouragement it ought to receive, in other words, should this book pass through fifty editions, that genius shall immortalize the subject.

In the mean time, ye host of reviewers, ye ink-stained, pale, lanthorn-jawed crew, avaunt! terrible is your frown, terrible are the shrieks of the

thousand lean authors who flit in melancholy cadence around you, avaunt !
I'll exorcise you !

Procul, o procul este profani !

CHAPTER V.

WHEN I was five years of age, my father commenced that system of education, which he considered as best adapted to qualify me for the arduous part I had to play upon the public theatre of life. He had often considered the advantages and disadvantages of a public and of a private education, as opposed to each other. He knew that the *Stagyrite*, in his *Politeia*; *Quintillian*, in his *Institutes*; and *Lycurgus*, in his far-famed Sparta, as well as *Plato*, and a number of others, had given the preference to a public education; at the same time it did not escape him, that there was an essential difference between ancient and modern times, arising from the customs, manners, laws,

and opinions, of the different ages. He saw innumerable difficulties attached to the question. To extricate himself, he considered the *end* of education in general.

If the *end* were to gain connexions, to have our emulation excited, to be prepared, by the difficulties which occur on the smaller theatre of a school; to play with safety and advantage a part on the greater theatre of the world, a public education possesses advantages over a private education: but if the end of education be to render a man virtuous and good; to attach him firmly and irrevocably to religion and his country; to make him at once a better man, and a better citizen, and to induce him in his way through this life to make every step tend to the next world, a private education had, in my.

father's opinion, unquestionably the advantage. For my father could not help thinking, that the question might be reduced to a very narrow point—Whether the interest of a man in *this* world, or his interest in the *next*, was most worthy of being pursued.

As he was so unfashionable, and, in the eyes of many so weak, as to prefer the latter, my education had for its object to render me a *good* rather than a *great* man. Whether my father was in this instance right or wrong, belongs not to me to determine; it is my business to relate facts, in other words it is my business to write; I leave the reader to reason.

But now we are upon the subject of education, I remember the admiration my father expressed, upon perusing a

passage in Bolingbroke. As it so forcibly conveys my father's sentiments, whilst it is intimately connected with the subject in question, I shall not apologize to the reader for extracting it :

“We shall neither read to soothe our indolence nor to gratify our vanity ; as little shall we be content to drudge like grammarians and critics, that others may be able to study with greater ease and profit, like philosophers and statesmen : as little shall we affect the slender merit of becoming great scholars, at the expense of groping all our lives in the dark mazes of antiquity. All these mistake the true use of study, and the true use of history. Nature gave us curiosity to excite the industry of our minds, but she never intended it to be made the principal, much less the sole, object of their application. The true and proper

object of this application is a constant improvement in private and in public virtue. An application to any study that tends, neither directly nor indirectly, to make us better men and better citizens, is, at best, but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness, to use an expression of Tillotson; and the knowledge we acquire is a creditable kind of ignorance, nothing more."

My father, as often as he perused these passages, would exclaim, that they ought to be written in letters of gold, and that government would do well to order them to be stuck up in every school in the kingdom, and to direct that every boy should commit them to memory, in the same manner as the Roman boys were obliged to do with respect to the Twelve Tables. "And," continued my father, "if they were

pedants after this, nature had indeed decreed them to be fools."

If, reader, prejudice has obscured thy perception, or reason has enlightened them; if, in other words, thou seest less clearly, or more clearly, than my father, forgive him; and I will thank thee if thou wilt drop a tear over what thou mayst consider the errors of his judgment, whilst thou exclaimest: "His was a specious, but altogether impracticable plan. Sooner might you induce lawyers to forego their fees; girls their pleasures; wives the right of ruling; parsons their tithes; and the Opposition the right of opposing indiscriminately. *Ohe! Jam satis*; these would be miracles indeed." Perhaps, reader, you will be less severe upon his opinions, when you recollect that the good *Sir Roger de Coverley* thought in

fact and substance the same as my father :

“ I lay it down for a rule,” says the good old Knight, “ that the whole man is to move together ; that every action of any importance is to have a prospect of public good ; and that the general tendency of our indifferent actions ought to be agreeable to the dictates of reason, of religion, of good-breeding : without this, a man, as I before have hinted, is hopping instead of walking ; he is not in his proper motion.”

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN I first thought of conferring the most essential benefit upon mankind, and favouring it with the publication of the present work, I naturally thought about a patron; and, from a patron, my imagination, by an easy transition, passed on to a dedication. Now you must know, reader, that in my youth I had often amused myself in reading dedications. I loved virtue, and dear to me were her records; for my father, notwithstanding his opinion, that *men, generally speaking, were mad*, never opposed my inclination to peruse these genuine rolls of worth, which gave the lie to those cynical philosophers who reproached modern times

with the dearth of intellectual and moral excellence. Yes, they proved to a demonstration the most infallible, that antiquity cannot, in her boasted records, produce examples of more consummate wisdom, heroic courage, exalted generosity, nobility of soul, extensive knowledge, &c. &c. than the so-much despised modern æra.

Warmed by the glowing description that I had read, *velox mente novà*, I could not forbear exclaiming, “Ye cynical beings, who delight in reproaching the age in which you live, what fiend can tempt ye to deny the pure and unspotted evidence of celestial truth? One person may be deceived, but can the whole host of dedicators have been mistaken? Assuredly not. They represent characters as they are. Truth sanctions their testimony.”

Avaunt, then, ye miscreants ! seek the howling desert, meet associates of the beasts which infest it, and no longer worthy of inhabiting a region blessed by the residence of those celestial beings whom ye defame. As for me, how shall I express my feelings ? how felicitate myself on being born in an age wherein the most exalted moral and intellectual excellence are alike so frequent. How much more happy are we than *Pliny* was ; he could find but one *Trajan* to celebrate, but we may find hundreds."

Such were my sensations when the warm blood of youth hastened through my veins. But to proceed. When I first thought of cheering the world with this splendid ray of genius—a ray never born to perish—I began to think of a patron, to whom I should dedicate it.

I recalled to memory the characters of all the men I had ever known. Some of them were men of talent; some of them men of virtue; and, perhaps, one or two might have had some little genius: but, alas! truth extorts from me the humiliating confession, that I could not find one but who was, when compared to the orbs selected by former dedicators, a mere farthing rush-light to the sun.

I began to think my memory must have deceived me; and I, therefore, read the dedications over again. Faultless! faultless! I exclaimed, were the subjects of their praise; but the devil take me if mine are; and if they were, I cannot name one who has all the cardinal virtues, and about a dozen besides; for I did not relish that the person to whom I dedicated should be in-

ferior to all the beings who had preceded him. What was to be done? I had a few friends still left at *Alma Mater*.

I was convinced of their readiness to serve me; and to them I wrote, stating explicitly my wants and difficulties. Alas! I was unsuccessful; one was a good scholar, but he had *fagged* it; another was a clever fellow, but a cursed *raff*; another had gained the honors, but every fellow of his own college had *cut* him. These were faults that obscured the highest genius; *Aristotle* himself would have been *rusticated* for them; and as I could not wash an *Æthiop* white, I determined not to seek out a patron in the university.

I shall not tire my reader with carrying him through all the scenes which

I entered, to discover a patron. *Dio- genes* did not more earnestly seek an honest man, than I did one to whom I might dedicate my work. Harassed by the repeated disappointments I had met with, I at last wrote and circulated *letters, handbills, advertisements, &c. &c.* in all directions, offering a reward to any person who would produce such a character as I was in quest of. The needy applied for the reward; but in their anxiety to secure it, they overlooked the conditions. Some sneered at me; others laughed at me, and others directed me to the musty pages of some old worm-eaten romance; some *Amadis de Gaul*; where they told me, that I might, perhaps, find the singular being I was in search of. But this was not the worst. One of my next of kin, an honest, well-meaning man, thinking from my inquiries that I was *non com-*

pos, in other words, not in my sober senses, obtained a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*, to prove me a lunatic; and I only escaped by bribing the lawyer, and appointing him to the stewardship of my estate; and thus giving him, in preference to others, the legal and exclusive right of fleecing me, and oppressing my tenants.

CHAPTER VII.

I HAD nearly attained my eighteenth year before I had ever quitted the sweet shades of *Mon Repos*. My infancy, unobscured by care or sorrow, resembled the fine sky of summer, when not a cloud stains its enchanting surface. Never can I forget the pleasing hours endeared to me by the fond affection of a parent; never can I forget the kind smile of the early friend of my bosom, of my dear Frederic. Alas! why did the willow wave over his early grave? Why did the violets spring around his premature tomb? Why was the eye of friendship moist with the tear of never-ceasing regret for his loss?

Excuse me, reader ; pardon the grief which the period of thirty years has not subdued, has scarcely softened. But to return. I had nearly attained my eighteenth year, when Frederic, the friend of my youth, was sent to the university of ——. * My grief at the loss of his society refused all consolation : the shades of *Mon Repos* had lost their power to charm, and my father, for the first time, was heard without pleasure or interest. It was now that my father, trembling for my health, consented that I should follow my friend, and allowed me to become a student of the same uni-

* We have to regret this *hiatus*. Had it been supplied, we should have known to what country our hero owed his birth. As the case is, we must lament that we are ignorant of the country which abounds in *mad-men* ; for notwithstanding the author speaks *generally*, he must mean to confine himself to his native country.

versity. I bade adieu to *Mon Repos*. Shall I own I quitted it without regret, so fully was I occupied with the prospect of meeting Frederic. My father accompanied me to the university, and he resided there during the whole time I remained a member of it, so that I was never exposed to those dangers which I must have encountered, had I been deprived of his presence and advice.

The disposition of Frederic was noble and generous; but his passions were warm, and almost boundless. Accustomed, during the early years of youth, to the strong curb of a severe discipline, he knew not how to use the indulgence afforded by the university; he plunged, with headlong impetuosity, into the fashionable vices and follies of the day. Often did I remonstrate;

often did I beseech ; nay, often did I pray and intreat that he would not desert the pure paths of virtue and innocence. The reproof of friendship was sometimes anticipated by the candour of good-nature, whilst the severity of censure was defeated by the keenness of wit : but often would the tear stand in his fine black eye ; often would he grasp my hand forcibly, and, with a sigh, promise to amend ; yet the contagion of example, and the dread of a satire which he could easily have refuted, would, ere the evening of the same day, plunge him still deeper in the yawning waves of vice.

My father interfered, but in vain. Respect could not enforce that which affection could not win him to. Frederic would quit us to consume his fortune in riot and dissipation. He would,

with heedless inconsiderateness, squander the contents of his purse at a tavern, if it happened that no wretched being stopped him in the way to it; for misery never passed him without either commiseration or relief. He would rush into the arms of a depraved courtesan; yet had he thrice, at the risque of his life, rescued suffering virtue from the forcible grasp of powerful villainy. He was idle; hours, days, months, fled in slothful negligence, yet one brief moment was sufficient to enable him to retrieve his character, and to display the bright orb of genius, adorned with the rich glow of knowledge. Whilst his friends lamented his errors, his enemies acknowledged his talents, and his character, during the darkest hours of dissipation, never forfeited a certain degree of respect; if it was eclipsed, it was no less a resplendent

sun. From what I have now said, the reader will perceive that Frederic afforded my father an opportunity of applying his favourite axiom.

If the good *Sir Roger* thought that “none but men of fine parts deserve to be hanged,” my father thought that the distemper of Frederic was so much the more violent, so much the more to be lamented, because his superior talents should have protected him from it, and the loss of those talents to society was, on account of their superiority, the greater. My father had, therefore, as he has since informed me, determined that I should break off all communication with my friend, and that the intercourse between us should for ever cease, when an event occurred, the most shocking, the most terrible to my feelings, and which, without the intervention of my father, put to it—an eternal end.

Frederic was frequently in the habit of amusing himself with excursions on the water. I often accompanied him; for there was an irresistible charm in his society: and I never absented myself from him, but when he was engaged in those scenes of dissipation to which I was naturally averse, and to which he never attempted to entice me.

We had one evening agreed to meet in a beautiful walk adjoining the river, for the purpose of taking an excursion on it. I was delayed near a quarter of an hour beyond the time appointed for our meeting; and on my arriving at the spot, I was surprized at perceiving three or four persons collected around the body of a young man whom they were endeavouring to restore to animation. I learnt that he had fallen into the river, and had twice sunk, but that he had

been rescued by a young gentleman, who, fatigued and overpowered with the exertion of saving him, had himself sunk, the moment he brought the other sufficiently near to the land to enable the bye-standers to extricate him.

Gracious powers! I could scarcely breathe; my pulse almost ceased its vibrations, and a chilling sensation paralyzed my heart. "Perhaps the generous being who has lost his life in rescuing a fellow-creature, is Frederic;" and I plunged headlong into the stream in search of the body.

I rose, and bore, with agonizing horror, the corpse of my friend to the shore. Nature could do no more. I sank on the grass by the side of my lifeless friend, and memory forsook me.

To be brief—for why should I detain the reader, near these melancholy shades. Has not life scenes enough of sorrow? If thou hast not trod them, happy art thou! thrice happy!

My father performed the last sad office to my friend, and consigned his beloved ashes to their native earth. As for me, it was with difficulty I recovered from a dreadful fever, with which my friend's premature death had hurried me. We seized the first moment of my returning convalescence to quit for ever scenes, which recalled ideas the most harrowing; and, as the shades of evening fell fast around us, we again hailed the beloved roof of *Mon Repos*.

CHAPTER VIII.

DEPRIVED of the early friend of my youth, life seemed to have lost its glow; every scene was alike dull and uninteresting; nor could one delight more than another, unless it recalled to my mind the image of my lost friend, and was associated with some act of affection, the more delicious, because Fate had forbidden me ever again to receive another. Yet, though I never could reflect upon my loss without regret, time, in some measure, habituated me, if it could not altogether reconcile me to it; and I therefore, in compliance with the wishes of my fa-

ther, endeavoured to resume my studies.

Two years had nearly elapsed since our return to *Mon Repos*, when one fine summer evening my father proposed a walk to me. The day had been sultry, and had compelled us to dedicate our time to study. We had been so deeply attentive to the works of art, that the works of nature were a relief to our minds, as they varied the source of our amusement ; besides, the scenes around were dear to me, for they recalled the image of Frederic. My father involuntarily directed his steps towards his favourite wood. We entered it, conversing familiarly on indifferent subjects ; but as we pierced deeper into the dark bosom of the shade, our conversation became less animated, and gradually dying away,

the imagination was left to the unrestrained dictates of its own inclination. The sweet lines of Thomson recurred to my fancy—

These are the haunts of Meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
Ecstatic, felt; and, from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent : to save the fall
Of Virtue struggling on the brink of Vice ;
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warm the favour'd soul
For future trials fated to prepare ;
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His muse to better themes: to soothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
(Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death ;
And numberless such offices of love,
Daily and nightly, zealous to perform.

THOMSON.

The scene so sweetly contemplative,
so divinely serene, had communicated
to our bosoms sentiments of a congenial

nature. These moments, how delicious! how exquisite! Are they moments when Mind reigns alone? Assuredly not; for it would be difficult to say what your mind has been employed in, or what you have thought upon during their continuance. Are they moments when Feeling reigns alone? Assuredly not; they are so tranquil, yet so enthusiastic, that I think they result from the most exquisite harmony of mind and feeling, which are blended in one celestial union, the beauties of each, deprived of their errors and grossness, being mingled.

We approached a noble oak, and seated ourselves on a rudely carved and rustic bench, beneath its majestic foliage. Sweet was the moment! The eye, careless and unconfined, roamed over as lovely a scene as Fancy ever

drew ; yet momentary was the attention it bestowed on rustic cot, winding stream, or classic vale. The serenity, the tranquillity that reigned over all, had communicated to the bosom their divine influence, and the eye forgot its office. No longer able to contain the feelings of my bosom, I exclaimed, “ Why should we ever quit these delicious scenes ? What can the world present to recompence us ? ” At this exclamation, my father turned slowly towards me. My eye rested upon his open forehead. Sweet, dignified, and radiant was the glow which the setting sun threw over it—fit emblem of the glow which virtue threw over his soul. “ My son, your question would be answered, were it permitted us to live for ourselves alone. In this sweet, philosophic retirement, we should be unexposed to the attacks

of malignity ; and our bosoms, catching a sensation congenial to the scenes around us, would be tranquil and happy.

“ But we have, my dear boy, duties to be fulfilled, before we should think of consulting our own inclinations. Those duties have relation to society, for it is there that the Deity has appointed us to play our parts. The man who passes his whole life in the shades of retirement may, it is true, consult *his own* pleasure and happiness ; but he is a traitor to that cause, which his duty tells him he is sent here to assist. Besides, I need not tell you, my boy, that Virtue is a mistress not easily to be won ; and, if you will allow me to borrow an example from the *Stagirite*, I may add, that it is not the possession of exalted talents, but their exertion, that

gains the mead of success: in other words, that to gain the Olympic crown, it was not merely necessary to possess superior powers, but the candidate must enter the stadium, and conquer his antagonist, or the wreath would never adorn his brow."

Here I interrupted him—"It has often surprized me, my dear Sir, to hear you speak so much of public virtue, when the mass composing the public are, in your opinion, in a state of madness."

"My dear boy, you have entered but partially into my sentiments and views. Though I am of opinion that the generality of mankind may be said to be, more or less, in a state of madness, I am by no means of opinion that we are by that circumstance discharged

from our duties. There are still many, if taken abstractedly, though but few, if taken with reference to the whole, who are virtuous and wise. Were this number still reduced, we should have objects enough towards whom we might exercise our virtue. But to carry the point even a step further : it is perfectly clear that our duties are enjoined us ; and it is not at our option to demur, either with respect to the duties themselves or the beings towards whom they are to be directed. But as I have often remarked your decided attachment to a rural life, I have lately been thinking, that it is high time you should see something of the world. Besides, my dear fellow, it grieves me to see you the victim of a useless sorrow, a sorrow neither consistent with your fortitude nor your religion ; and I hope that a change of scene may dissipate

what it is weak to cherish. Let us, therefore, together enter the world; and from the moment of entering it, I wish you rather to view me as the friend than the father. I think no time should be lost; and I will therefore give directions for our journey. As the dews of evening begin to fall, let us retire." Saying this, he arose, and putting his arm through mine, we reached the house together.

CHAPTER IX.

THINGS were in this state, when we were agreeably surprized by the return of my mother's nephew. This gentleman, whom in future I shall distinguish by the name of Major Belville, was the only son of my mother's brother, who, bred to the profession of arms, had terminated a course of glory by expiring on the field of victory.

He left to his son the brilliant example of bravery tempered by humanity; but this was all, save that sword, which had been often dyed in the bosom of the enemies of his beloved country. His son was only sixteen when he sus-

tained the irreparable loss of a fond parent and a sincere friend. He attended his father's ashes to the grave ; but no tear bedewed the young hero's cheek, until, returning to his father's tent, he drew from its scabbard that sword which had been so often wielded by his now lifeless parent. The tear then fell on its glittering surface ; and as the words recurred to his memory, he hastily returned it, exclaiming, " I shall find some way to wipe it off."

Seven years had now elapsed, when Major Belville felt it necessary to return to his native country, to recruit his health after the severe shocks it had sustained. As the most friendly correspondence had always existed between his father and mine, he naturally availed himself of the first opportunity to apprise us of his return.

My mother, who had ever the most sincere affection for her heroic brother, would have persuaded us not to lose a moment in flying to his son; for she herself was much indisposed at this time. My father was averse to leave my mother in the precarious state of her health, and he had some other regulations of importance to make before he could quit *Mon Repos*. He therefore dispatched a letter to the Major, requesting that he would take up his abode beneath our roof as one of the family.

To this we received an answer, politely declining the invitation, on account of the very indifferent state of health which he, Major Belville, enjoyed. My father now proposed that I should take the post-chaise, and cross the country to the sea-port where my

cousin then lodged, and repeat in person the wishes of the family, that he should take up his abode beneath our roof. This plan was accordingly adopted.

Upon reaching the inn, I was too anxious to embrace my cousin, to suffer any form to delay the interview, and I therefore hastened to his lodgings.

I found him reclined on a sofa: his form appeared to have suffered less from the pernicious effects of the climate, than from a deep and settled melancholy, which at times absorbed every faculty of his soul. Yet, when he was roused from this dejection, his large black eyes sparkled with peculiar animation, and the fire of native intelligence irradiated his countenance. Of a frank, noble, and elevated soul, every

thing he uttered carried an interest with it, and it seemed but necessary for him to appear, in order that he should be admired and loved.

Thus gifted by nature, he was the man formed to occupy and fill up the chasm which the death of Frederic had left in my bosom.

Our regard was mutual: it operated like an electric shock, to rouse us from the torpor of a sorrow, which had threatened to be attended with consequences the most serious to our future peace and happiness. Yes, divine Friendship! It was to thy influence we must ascribe a change so propitious, for powerful is thy touch upon the human bosom. It elevates the soul above the grovelling desires of sense; and, when purified by religion, and sanc-

tioned by time, it fixes the principles upon a foundation that is eternal, for it is virtuous. Thus dignified, man becomes less unworthy of a translation from the scenes of this life to those which immortality unfolds to him.

As the Major's spirits improved, his health visibly amended; and at the end of a few weeks, I had the pleasure of conveying him to the calm shade of our beloved *Mon Repos*.

My mother, though prepared for our arrival, was visibly affected by an interview, which recalled her brother to her mind, for the Major bore the strongest resemblance to his departed parent.

Though my cousin's health was visibly improved, I could not but per-

ceive that there were moments when even my society lost its power to please, and when he delighted to hurry from every eye, in order to bury himself in the contemplative silence of the venerable wood, which I have already described as contiguous to the cottage of *Mon Repos*. Oftentimes would he, at the request of my father, enter into a detail of the military events in which he had borne a part: but, though I sedulously attended to every circumstance he described, I never could discover any occurrence to which I could possibly ascribe his melancholy, the source of which I too much respected impertinently to intrude upon.

Sometimes he appeared desirous of divulging the secret which oppressed him: but as often as he attempted to begin the recital, an involuntary some-

thing choaked up his utterance, and he invariably left me without entering into any particulars.

Things had remained in this state for some months, when my father, having arranged every thing preparatory to our journey to the capital, proposed that we should set off on the morrow's dawn.

Recovered, in a great measure, from the grief into which the premature death of Frederic had plunged me, I was not insensible to a certain sensation of pleasure, as I contemplated in imagination the scenes I was about to enter. Much as I was devoted to my father, and highly as I respected his opinions, I could not but suspect that he viewed life under some degree of prejudice. I had, it is true, seen but few characters; but those were of a high

and elevated standard ; and even those which were shaded with error were not destitute of some resplendent parts, which possessed but too fascinating a power over my youthful imagination.

During my residence at college, I had seen but little or no variety of characters. I ascribe the similarity of character, so conspicuous in universities, to the monotonous tone which runs throughout every thing at those places, principally, though other circumstances have a tendency to it. This is so little favourable to a variety of character, that it is ever productive of a similarity. Besides, if we view the fact a little nearer, we shall perceive, that, *as to the young men*, their characters are but in the bud, and, as such, they afford at best but vague indications of their future vigour, colour, or

shape. Vice, like a corrosive pestilence, may in one moment sweep away the fondest hopes; whilst folly, like a blighting mildew, may canker the opening flower. Nothing is determinate, because every thing in a state of progression must and will alter each moment.

As to the more aged, we may observe, that a strong similarity of pursuits, manners, and customs, will ever, when long continued, be followed by as strong a similarity of character.

Man has been aptly termed, "*a bundle of habits.*" As such, he is a being formed to take a character from those beings with whom he has long lived and associated; and hence it is, that the individual character is often lost in the professional or national. If this

happens in the world, where so many different events tend to keep man separate from man, and, by calling forth his passions, to give him a distinct character, it is a consequence much more likely to result where there is little or no variety of events; where the same manners, customs, habits, and pursuits, actuate all; and where the same passions are called into action, or suffered to lay dormant in each individual.

That *similarity*, therefore, which is perceptible in men engaged in the same pursuits, when acting on the broad theatre of the world, will *here* be more decidedly evident, whilst that *dissimilitude*, which a variety of events would call forth, will here have little or no occasion to be evinced, and will generally lay dormant, overpowered by the opposite quality.

CHAPTER X.

PERMIT me, fair reader, to digress. Digress! you exclaim. Yes, digress; and I found my right, sweet reader, on that which every lawyer, from Justinian to Burn, will admit. I found it on *prescription*, or, in legal phraseology, I lay claim to this right, because “I, and those under whom I claim, have immemorially used to enjoy it.” But to the proof. You must have heard, I suppose, though Pope never may have informed you, of a certain old bard called Homer. He lived when music and poesy blended their respective harmonies to enchant mankind. Though he was blind, he is said to have been

what we term *a good fiddle*; had a knack at making verses, and, withal, had no inconsiderable share of a certain old-fashioned quality called majesty. In brief, such were his strains, that we may, without flattery, say of him, had the gods sung, they would have chanted the strains of Homer.

The Grecians, however, may be supposed to have had less taste, or less liberality than our nation, for they, though enraptured with the bard, suffered him to wander through every dirty village, in quest of support, whilst we enrich an Italian squaller for torturing words which we do not understand.

Perhaps both nations are right—the Grecians were aware, that had they enriched their poet, his strains would

have ceased ; and we are not ignorant, that did we not enrich our opera singer, her strains would never be chanted. But to return to the point. Homer had his digressions ; they were almost as numerous as his beauties, and they are innumerable.

In the next place let me mention Pindar. Faith his poetry is *digression* run mad. Now, my dear madam, suppose I undertook to sing the praises of your tabby cat ; suppose also that Pindar's spirit animates me ; I begin a sublime ode, by praising the village in which your cat was born ; mention some *scan. mag.* concerning Jupiter and a milk-maid ; return to your cat ; leave her in the lurch ; seize upon the thrice-renowned cat of Whittington ; fly off in a tangent, and praise the black cat of Helen ; draw a few electric sparks

from her back ; leave her to be consumed in the flames of Troy ; bring in some old gossip's tale about Hercules ; introduce my own sweet person ; and conclude in a strain of morality, at once simple, grand, and pathetic. This is Pindar ; and if this be not digression, I shall be much obliged if you will tell me what is digression. *Fas est ab hoste doceri.*

Not a whit better is Euripides ; for his famous tragedies abound with *choral* digressions, for which Aristotle, in his Poetics, raps him over the knuckles.

My penetration has enabled me to discover the reason of the digressions of Euripides : my penetration, I say, which is as far above the penetration of all other men, as an Egyptian pyramid is above a dumpling. Sublime ! you ex-

claim." When you know me better, you will not be surprized, for my mother has often told me, that next to ———, I am the neatest hand in the world at a comparison, simile, &c. But to the reason of the digressions of Euripides. I have, by the help of my microscopic penetration, discovered, that, by the death of an old grandmother, he came into the possession of a great stock of *moral recipes*.

Now, you must know, this event happened but a short time before he commenced author. Having the most profound veneration for his grandmother, he naturally felt the highest respect for her *moral recipes*; and, as a proof of it, he interwove them with his own writings. The critics looked grave; the satirical sneered; and the silly, as usual, wondered, and admired. But

Homer and Pindar, upon hearing the news, drank a bottle of *champagne* in *Elysium*; and the first and last toasts were, “ *Success to digression.*”

From that period to the present, *Digression* has reigned, like all other monarchs; that is, her empire has been acknowledged, and submitted to, by the few wise and the many weak. Indeed, in *modern* times, her sway has been such, that we may almost venture to term it absolute.

We have, in the present day, patriots digressing from their country; opposition members from their party; lawyers from their briefs; poets from the rules of poetry; bankrupts from ruin; wives from their husbands, *et vice versâ*; and to conclude, almost all men from private and public virtue.

You may, perhaps, say, some of these are not *digressions*, but absolute and unconditional vices and follies. Do not, my dear sir, let us quarrel about terms. What is vice, but a digression from virtue; or what is folly, but a digression from good sense? For you know, as to moral virtue, that the Stagirite himself defines it to be a *mesotes*, or medium; and he tells us, that when we *digress* from that medium, we become vicious. When I have weighed all these circumstances, a patriotic thought has entered my bosom. As *digression* has so many votaries, why not give it the sanction of the legislature? Why not, *vi et armis*, compel the mass to *digress*, and join the rational and virtuous few? Thus impelled, let us all digress into a pure and energetic love for our country; into a hatred against vice and corruption; into those old-fashioned virtues, which ren-

dered our country a terror to the guilty,
and a protection to the oppressed.

Spirit of Alfred, hover over us! Let
thy genius, thy patriotism, and thy cou-
rage animate us; let thy voice cheer us
as we pant in the glorious toil; and thy
smile be the rich reward of our perse-
verance.

CHAPTER XI.

I HAVE here a fine opportunity of describing our journey to the metropolis; of introducing a stage-coach scene; its inmates a dashing officer; an old fat housekeeper; a prim quaker; an interesting, plaintive, and beautiful girl. Pooh! pooh! you exclaim; we have read such things a thousand times. True, my dear sir, but that is no fault of mine.

I must relate the truth, if such as I have mentioned happen to be the truth; and it is no fault of mine, if I cannot whirl you through the air in a car drawn by four griffins, with a Bond-street

lounge for a coachman. But now let me restrain my poor jaded *Pegasus*. A *prose Pegasus*! you exclaim. Yes, and forsooth, it is a beast, let me tell you, much more common than a *poetical Pegasus*, thanks to the inventive powers of modern times.

But it is rather hard that the want of candour in some men should be so conspicuous as it is in this very respect. For when it is evident to their friends as well as enemies; when it is, in brief, evident to every passenger they chance to meet, though it happen he has but half an eye; when, I say, it is evident that the beast they ride is nothing more or less than a poor, lean, half-starved, broken-winded *prose Pegasus*, they, notwithstanding, will insist, and contend; that he is, in every sense of the word, a *poetical Pegasus*—*Proh Deûm*

atque hominum fidem!—One grain of modesty is worth a bushel of impudence.

But to proceed. Let me search the musty rolls of memory. Ah! I have it. Let me see; it is the original advice of a great wit; of no less a wit than ——. “When you are describing an event which has no novelty to season it to the palate of modern times, you must describe it *a novel manner*.”

Bless us! amazingly obscure, and, consequently, amazingly sublime! *A novel manner!* I suppose he means, in the manner of novel writers in general. Alas! I fear I must fail; so far *above* nature do they soar in general, that I should fear for my neck, were I to mount my *Pegasus*, and hie after them. What then, if I possess not the talent

of soaring with these eagles of literature, who, with true Hibernian impudence, dare look the sun in the face, when genius sinks abashed at the broad refulgence of his ray—what then? Why, I must e'en look at the words again, and endeavour to affix some other meaning to them. I suppose the critic meant by a *novel manner*, that we should follow nature, and in a pure, chaste, and inartificial manner, relate events as they occur, whilst the sentiments should be at once moral and unaffected. *Præsancte Jupiter!*

This is certainly a *novel manner*, no less novel than rare; and it resembles the picture of a fine master, when compared to the distorted and unnatural productions of the day. If the critic meant this, he was certainly wrong. I know he was wrong; a few novels of

this kind have been written, have been published, and have been read by few if any. They were too pure, too refined, for the gross taste of the many; and though the few read and admired them, they were as incapable of giving this kind of writing general currency, as of communicating their own taste to the common and promiscuous herd.

But to proceed. As I cannot, or will not, describe the events alluded to, in a *novel manner*, I perceive no way for me to creep out of the scrape. Faith, the weasel in the corn-bin (thanks, bright Fancy, for the hint) very opportunely occurs. - As I have fattened upon lies, suppose I starve myself. Lo! I am thin. Thin! you exclaim. Yes, my dear madam, I am like a few others, whom I know, become thin upon truth. Upon truth! Yes, acids, in general,

have not half the effect in thinning the blood, and reducing the whole system, as truth has. Indeed, I have known many just upon the point of being starved on this ethereal, immortal diet; however, they have generally escaped starvation, by adopting one of the easiest remedies in the world. They have tried the effect of the diet I have just left off—I mean of lies; and, wonderful to relate, they have fattened to such a degree, that could you, by one of the pretty, neat little metamorphoses of *Ovid*, turn them into hogs, they would beat your *Hampshire* hogs hollow; for these would be but as so many sucking pigs compared to them. But I will give you an instance.

I knew a poor, half-starved, cunning Scotchman: he came from the North with as lauk a pair of jaws, and as

keen an appetite, as ever arrived from the other side of the Tweed. He had heard of the wonderful effect of this said remedy. Without more ado, he looked sharply around him ; sharply, I say, for his wit and his appetite had been whetted on the keenest of all whetstones, that of hunger. He soon perceived that my Lord ——— had a most plentiful lack of brains, whilst his guineas surpassed in number the starry lamps of Heaven, when they are all lighted up in honor of a route given by their queen Cynthia. To this peer the Scotchman applied. The persevering Sawney lied, morning, noon, and night. In a short time, he lied himself into a good coat ; small cloaths not being so material, did not immediately, though they soon after followed. Hence, with rapid strides, he lied himself into a good post, and, from thence, into a good fortune ;

and then, as he could turn his heels upon his lordship, without shewing what shall be nameless, he did turn his heels, and was, in his own carriage, whirled back to Scotland. I hear that, out of pure gratitude to the principle on which he acted, he means to assume as a motto, that “ *Lying is the greatest of all the virtues.*”

This may be all very true, you say, but what the devil is become of you and your father ?

Oh ! as to your humble servant and his father, we arrived very snugly in town. But pray what became of the sweet plaintive girl ? Did you not fall in love with her ?—Upon my honor, madam, I did no such thing.—Strange !—By no means, for I never saw her.—Indeed, sir !—Certainly, madam, I never

saw her, for two reasons; the first, that my father's post chaise only carried two; and as I and my father occupied it, we had no room for the lady: the second, that if we had had any room, I suppose I should not have fallen in love, for I slept during the whole journey.

Now I say *I suppose*, as *I slept* during the whole journey, that I should not have fallen in love, I do not speak with certainty; but as I remember no instance of any hero, either ancient or modern, who fell in love when asleep, I suppose I should not have increased the misfortune. I cannot say but what it may be possible. Indeed, it would be mightily pretty, surprizing, romantic, witty, and novel, to make a hero fall asleep, but just for the purpose of kidnapping him into love.

Suppose, for example, a stubborn young fellow, who by his coldness and austerity had broken the hearts of two milk-maids, a dairy-maid, a cook and a scullion. Suppose we pop a little *laudanum* into his ale; in a few minutes he falls into a sound sleep, little suspecting the trick that was about to be played him. Alas! poor wretch, thy peace is fled; the hearty laugh and clumsy joke no more are thine; but in their place, the awkward officiousness of affection, and the speaking gloominess of absence.

What could be more wonderful? What more novel? Yes, I am convinced, that to make a hero fall in love when asleep would *take* exceedingly; it is an *original* idea, and I could almost venture to compare it to some of the brightest of the ideas contained in the

novels of Messieurs and Mesdames A, B, C, D, E, F, G, &c. &c. I confess I am very much pleased with this idea of mine; and if any writer takes a fancy to it, I make him a present of it. If he has any brains, he will shew his descriptive talents in describing the exact dress of the youth when he fell asleep. Do not fear, brother author, lest you should be too minute, for minuteness, even to tediousness, is no bad thing in modern times.

CHAPTER XII.

WE had now been some weeks in town, when we were agreeably surprised by the appearance of Belville, whom we had left at *Mon Repos*. My father, from the natural benevolence of his soul, independently of his regard for my cousin, took a lively interest in every thing that concerned him ; and endeavoured, by diverting his attention, to remove the temporary grief that oppressed him. It afforded me sincere pleasure to find that our attempts were not altogether fruitless ; yet still the cause of Belville's grief remained buried in his own bosom, when chance led him

to explain the cause of this mysterious sorrow.

Belville and myself were in the habit of riding before dinner. In the course of one of these morning excursions, we insensibly approached a charming little cottage, whose windows were surrounded with woodbines and jessamine. As we drew near, our attention was attracted by the sight of an old woman, who stood at the window, sobbing violently, and supporting the head of a young girl who had fainted. We involuntarily alighted, and entered the cottage. It was some time before the grief of the old woman would allow her to explain the occasion of the scene before us. But having partly recovered the young woman from the swoon she had fallen into, although she still sat with unmeaning eye gazing through

the window, we prevailed upon the old dame to begin her narrative.

“ Ah! bless your honors, we were as happy as the day is long; and my daughter there was to have been married next week to the son of my neighbour Trotmàn; and, though I say it that should not say it, as worthy a young man as ever broke bread. But, please your honors, just as every thing was going on well, they have got him for a soldier; and go, they say, he must, for we cannot raise the money to buy him off—and—”

“ He'll die!” exclaimed the frantic girl; “ I shall never see him more—I shall never see him more!”—and she again swooned. As I approached to assist the heart-broken mother, the countenance of Belville caught my at-

tention. Wild was the expression of his eye, and pale the hue of his cheek. He started from his seat, threw his purse towards the old woman, and rushed from the cottage.

Alarmed by his manner, I had merely time to add to his bounty, by the contents of my own purse; and satisfied that the cottagers had now more than sufficient to procure the object of their prayers, I followed my friend.

We reached home in silence. I found Belville not disposed to unburthen his feelings, and I felt I had no right to intrude upon his sorrows. He ate but little at dinner; and, contrary to his usual custom, he declined accompanying my father to visit some friends. As we were getting up from the dinner table, he asked me if I could impose

upon myself the dull and uninteresting task of sitting at home with him during the evening. I most cheerfully accepted the invitation.

During the time we were drinking our coffee together, I perceived that Belville was singularly absent and thoughtful; but as the servant was retiring, he seemed to recover himself. No sooner was the door shut than he thus began.

CHAPTER XIII.

“ You must, my dear fellow, have been much surprized at my singular conduct in the cottage ; but when you are acquainted with the events of my life, your surprize will cease ; and, though you cannot relieve, you will at least pity me.

“ I have often attempted to give you the recital ; but my feelings have as often got the better of my resolution, and have cut short the attempt at the threshold. This is a weakness which I am determined to surmount ; and as no opportunity can possibly present itself more favourable than the present, I will avail myself of it.

“ I inherited from my ancestors a love of the military life. I can distinctly remember the impression made upon my feelings by the first drum I ever heard. The classical studies of my youth tended to increase my fondness for glory, and my enthusiasm for war as the nearest and most honourable road to it.

“ I will not take up your time in describing the particular course of my studies. It will suffice that *Homer* was my favourite author ; and my fondness for the venerable Grecian was, if possible, increased by my knowing, that *Alexander* was no less passionately attached to him. Assuredly, *Homer* is the poet of the warrior.

“ But to proceed. At the age of sixteen I bade adieu to my country, and

hastened to join my father, who was then with his regiment, in a hostile land. I arrived, but it was too late ; my heroic parent had breathed his last on the field of battle ; and all that remained for me was the last melancholy duty of attending those funeral honors, which the whole army joined in paying to his memory.

“ I had no time to indulge in grief ; the General bestowed a commission upon me, in compliment to my father’s bravery, and I was called to fill the active duties of my station. Proud of this unsolicited distinction, but still more proud of the parent from whom I sprung, I ardently panted to distinguish myself. Glory took entire possession of my soul, and I could see nothing but her crimsoned banner floating upon the bosom of the eastern gale.

“ Among my brother officers was one about my own age, of the name of *Melton*. His figure was commanding, yet elegant ; his address manly, yet insinuating ; his genius great, yet versatile. His superior qualities excited my admiration, whilst his amiable urbanity lessened the distance between us, and won my regard.

“ You may think that it was a reflection upon his extraordinary talents, when you know his hopes were no less extravagant than my own, and that he would often exclaim with *Hotspur*,

—— Methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd moon, &c.

“ I shall not take up your time with relating the many actions we were both engaged in : we fought side by side ; we conquered together, we bled toge-

ther. Thrice had he rescued me at the risk of every thing, and twice I had, amidst a shower of balls, borne him off when wounded. I shall hasten to an event which has occasioned all the misery I ever experienced.

“ Melton and myself volunteered our services to accompany a small force, destined by our General to attack a fort of some strength, and with the carrying of which he purposed finishing the war with a degree of *eclat*.

“ As our force was by no means equal to the object in view, unless stratagem was resorted to, we availed ourselves of an extremely dark night, and, having made a considerable number of fires on one side of the fort, and drawn the attention of the garrison to that part, we were enabled to introduce a

party of our men by means of a subterraneous passage we had accidentally discovered on the opposite side of the fortress. To be brief, the carnage was dreadful, and the conflicting din of arms was rendered still more appalling by the impervious gloom of the night. The Governor fell by the sword of Melton; and the garrison, terrified by this circumstance, surrendered the place.

“ During the confusion, Melton and myself, carried away by the warmth of the moment, had pierced into the Governor's house. Our swords still reeking with gore, we rushed into an apartment, from the top of which was suspended a splendid lamp, which tended to shew the singular magnificence of every thing around it. But our attention was drawn off by the appearance of a female, who

hastened forwards, and threw herself upon her knees before us. We desired her to arise, and gallantly assuring her that we warred not with beauty, we desired that she would lay aside all fear, as she had nothing to apprehend from us.

“As the morning dawned, it presented to us a sight of horrid confusion—the bodies of our friends, scattered amongst those of the enemy, were mingled together in promiscuous disorder. After we had performed the last melancholy offices to departed bravery, and had attended to the wounded, Melton and myself had time to think upon our interesting prisoner, and we hastened to see that she had every attention the nature of things would admit of.

“As we entered the saloon, she arose

with ineffable grace to receive us ; and, having with no less dignity than warmth expressed her thanks for the attention paid to her comfort, she requested we would be seated. As she spoke, a thrilling softness pervaded my soul, and I almost feared to breathe, lest one accent should be lost.

“ The figure of this interesting girl was rather below than above the middle size, but the most exquisite symmetry pervaded every limb. A profusion of light brown hair shaded a countenance of bewitching fairness, whilst the soft ethereal blue of her eyes seemed to temper the intellectual expression which lighted up every feature of her countenance. As you contemplated the charming girl, it was impossible not to feel that she possessed considerable powers of mind, accompanied by the most amiable disposition of soul.

“ Melton appeared to admire her with a respect no less passionate than my own. Always amiable and insinuating, his character seemed each moment to acquire fresh lustre; and a pang stole across my bosom when I reflected upon the possibility of having a rival in my friend.

“ As we condoled with the charming girl upon the very event that had been so fortunate to us, she interrupted us with a smile, by observing, that she was born in the same country as ourselves, and that she had a father an officer in our army.

“ We listened with considerable emotion to a recital of the events which had placed her in the hands of the late Governor of the garrison as his prisoner. As she finished her interesting tale we arose, and took our leave.

“ The command of the fort having devolved upon Melton, as the senior officer, he gave directions that rooms should be appropriated for the reception of the widow of the late Governor ; and he requested that Miss Meadows might be permitted to participate in the use of them, until such time as the state of the country would admit of her being conveyed to her father.

“ This regulation was, in every sense of the word, agreeable to the two ladies, as the widow, in the cheerful society of Miss Meadows, forgot the loss she had sustained ; whilst that charming girl, in the protection she experienced, saw additional reason to admire the delicacy of Melton, which she hourly enjoyed the advantage of. Melton and myself daily spent some hours in the society of

the too fascinating Louisa, whose mind, as it expanded itself in the genial warmth of social intercourse, displayed a thousand natural, a thousand acquired beauties. She appeared to unite in her intellectual powers the solidity of our sex with the happy acuteness of her own.

“ Whilst we were in her presence, we seemed to forget that we were rivals ; so happily, yet so agreeably, did she distribute her smiles between us. Yet I could not but fancy that her eye was particularly eloquent when it dwelt upon the countenance of Melton, whilst *his* spoke a language it was impossible to misinterpret or misconceive.

“ If by chance the conversation insensibly took a turn to the subject of love, she would either treat it with playful levity, or censure it as a weak-

ness which the soldier ought to dread. Though the passions were obedient to her call, and were becalmed at the sound of her syren voice ; though the bosom, when in her presence, ceased to heave with tumultuous violence, yet the moment I had left her, I became a prey to the most discordant sensations.

“ My friendship for Melton was no less pure and exalted than ever ; but love, imperious, tyrannic love, contended for the empire of my soul. Melton and myself both loved ; each thought the other the favoured lover, yet neither had ever declared the passion that agitated him. We had never seen Louisa but in company together ; we met for the purpose of explaining our feelings ; yet, though each came for the express purpose of developing his feelings to the other, we parted without an eclair-

cissement. Chance at last effected what we both so much dreaded, yet both so ardently wished for.

“ The apartments in which Louisa resided opened into a lawn and shrubbery. A profusion of aromatic plants were scattered in every direction, and seemed to vie with each other in the fragrance of their odours, and the inviting shade they afforded from the heat of an eastern sun. As if Nature had determined to pour, in profuse bounty, her charms around the spot, a stream crept among the roots of the plants, and soothed the soul with its pensive murmurings.

“ Melton and myself had called as usual upon Louisa, and the servant had directed us to the shrubbery. We found her perusing some of the exquisite lines

of the author of the Seasons. As we approached, she laid aside her book.

“ After the usual compliments had passed, a silence prevailed. Louisa interrupted me by asking, what object had rendered me so unusually pensive ?

“ ‘ I was reflecting,’ I exclaimed, ‘ that this small spot seems to contain every object that could render life happy.’

“ I paused ; I felt I had spoken what it was too dangerous even to think ; for the spot contained the woman I passionately adored ; it contained the friend of my bosom ; it was adorned no less by the hand of Nature than of Art ; and a serenity, intoxicating to the soul, pervaded every object.

“ Louisa blushed, ‘ You speak not,’ she answered, ‘ like a soldier. The serenity of this spot may be adapted to the character of a woman, ‘ whose noblest science is retreat:’ but a soldier, whose mistress is glory, would here sink into oblivion.’

“ ‘ Is a soldier then,’ exclaimed Melton, ‘ never to taste the delicious languor of peace? Is the warrior’s hand never to stay its resistless fury? The soldiers war for peace; we seek it in the cannon’s mouth; and, though we forget it for a moment, it returns with tenfold force to our imagination, as we recline at night in our tent, after the hurry and carnage of the day. Yes, this serenity the warrior pants after; but it is not this serenity, alone and unaccompanied; he looks for the smile of beauty, and it charms him in that

retreat where his country's voice is scarcely, if ever, heard. Divine Louisa, I have long felt that your smile was necessary to my peace—but stop—my friend loves you as passionately as myself—Decide between us,' he exclaimed, 'and the unfortunate—Yes, I said, the unfortunate being you reject, shall give up his claims to his friend, for rivals we will cease to be.'

Louisa trembled violently; her countenance was suffused with the deepest blush, but she was silent.

“ ‘ Louisa !’ exclaimed Melton !—
‘ Louisa !’ I responded ! — ‘ Louisa !’
again exclaimed Melton; and, plucking
a spray of a myrtle which waved around
her, he hastily presented it to her, de-
siring her to bestow it upon the favour-
ed being.

“ She arose, returned it into *his* hands, and flew with lightning-swiftness into the house. Melton, half frantic with joy, followed her—whilst I—I know not what I did—I found myself outside the walls of the fort, riding furiously, I know not whither.

“ To be brief—I was well acquainted with the country, and I determined to direct my course to the head-quarters of our army; to solicit some desperate command, and to endeavour to bury my miseries in an honourable grave.

“ Fate, however, destined me to encounter scenes, which should harrow the soul without destroying its too vigorous habitation. No sooner had I reached the head-quarters, than I was seized with a violent fever, which, for some time, resisted every attempt to

conquer or eradicate it. At last, it yielded to the force of medicine, and I began gradually to recover my health, but my spirits were by no means restored or invigorated. A degree of languor, that foreboded the worst consequences, had taken possession of me, and I more than once thought that nothing could rouse me from it, and that I should soon become a victim to its corroding influence.

“ How little, my dear fellow, do we know ourselves ! Within a few weeks, I was braced up to action, and had desperately undertaken an enterprize which promised almost certain destruction to every one engaged in it. But to proceed methodically.

“ The enemy, very much piqued at the loss of the fort, which Melton now

commanded, had sent a considerable force to recover it. This force had proceeded in the siege with vigour; and it was conjectured that the fort must very soon surrender, unless some relief was immediately afforded it.

“ Our main army was opposed by a force much superior to itself; and our General was averse to weaken it by detaching any part to the assistance of the fortress. Yet, as it was a very desirable object to retain this place, he listened to my offer to relieve it, if I were allowed a small body of troops for the purpose.

“ I was much beloved in the army, and I had no difficulty in procuring volunteers, who, animated with my promises and example, cheerfully engaged to follow me.

“ It was a material object to approach the besieging army without their being aware of it; I therefore marched during the night, and encamped my men in the woods, with which the country abounded, during the day. By these means, I had arrived within one day’s march of the fort without being discovered by the enemy. ”

“ Among my troops, I had a trusty corporal, who undertook, under cover of the night, to apprize Melton of my arrival, and to concert with him, that, on a signal to be given, the garrison should, on a certain night, make a sally from the fort, at the same time as my troops attacked the enemy on the other side.

“ The night arrived, and I already, in idea, anticipated the pleasure I should

feel in serving my friend, the lover of Louisa.

“ At the appointed signal, the garrison rushed, with wild shouts, from their walls, whilst my heroic little band returned the sound, and pushed in firm column on to victory.

“ The enemy were thrown into confusion in every direction ; but, confident in their numbers, they kept their ground with a kind of obstinate infatuation. In the hurry of the conflict, many of them fell by the hands of their own comrades, but the battle was still kept up.

“ As the morning dawned, I beheld Melton, bestriding his furious charger, the sides of which were red with gore ; I pushed forward to meet him ;

the enemy fell before us ; we advanced rapidly towards each other ; I almost held him in my embrace, when, gracious God ! a ball, winged by Fate, entered his breast, and he fell—to breathe no more.

“ At that moment,” continued Belville, wiping a tear from his eye, “ at that moment the enemy fled in every direction, and victory was completely our own.

“ Carried away in the pursuit of the flying enemy, and anxious to collect my troops together, it was night before I could conduct them into the fort. Having performed this duty, I once more turned the head of my charger towards the field of battle. It was my object to seek the body of the heroic Melton, and to bear it with me to the fort.

“ My horse, worn out with the uncommon exertions he had endured, answered but feebly to my impatient desires : he walked slowly to the field of action.

“ The slowness of his pace was but too well adapted to a thousand harrowing reflections, which passed, in rapid succession, across my mind. I recalled the noble qualities of the lost Melton ; his aspiring mind ; his gentle soul ; his heroic spirit. They were gone ; torn from me for ever.

“ The moon now lent a feeble light—was now obscured by a thick cloud, whilst the darkness, which brooded over the bosom of a neighbouring wood, was but ill calculated to dispel my harrowing reflections. I thought that I knew the spot where my friend fell ;

and I directed my horse towards it. As I approached, I was startled at the sound of a female voice, which, as it died away on the gale, appeared familiar to my ear. I paused, and distinctly heard the voice of Louisa !

“ I spurred my horse towards the spot ; he refused to move. I alighted, and hastened towards it ; I frequently stumbled over the cold and stiffened bodies of the dead ; but, recovering myself, I steadily pursued the direction from which the voice proceeded. At last, I thought I perceived a white form flitting before me ; I rushed forward, and fell on the lifeless body of one of my own soldiers. I arose, fatigued, dejected, heart-broken. I could not forbear envying the lot of that being, who slept in eternal peace at my feet.

“ Louisa’s voice again broke upon the silence of the night, and I once more followed it. I now gained sight of her ; she was walking rapidly over the mangled bodies of the dead ; now stooping to look at this body, then at that, ejaculating with frantic horror, ‘ *I shall never see him more !—I shall never see him more !* ’ A chilling agony pervaded all my limbs. I stood petrified and immovable, until she again stooped to examine the face of another body. As she lifted it up, the moon shone full upon it, and shewed the well-known features of her beloved *Melton !*

“ Eternal Providence ! never shall I forget the agonizing moment, as she screamed with wild and supernatural vehemence, and fell upon the cold body of that being whose heroic spirit she had followed to another world.”

CHAPTER XIV.

As my father's object was to shew me the world, he thought he could not act better, than to introduce me to a distant relation, who lived in great style, at the fashionable end of the town.

Mr. Nightly was a very good sort of a man; of a moderate, but inactive mind. In brief, a man in the habit of adopting the common-place run of sentiments and opinions, less, perhaps, from an incapacity of deciding upon some, and of refuting others, than from a habit which precluded all exertion; I mean a habit of adopting, without ex-

amination, those opinions of which, when he came into the world, he found it in the quiet possession.

This, which is by no means an uncommon habit, has been productive of inconveniences, and is to be severely censured, as it precludes all invention, and impedes all improvement; but we must not forget that it is less erroneous than the rage for novelty, accompanied, as it has been, with the indiscriminating contempt for every thing ancient, merely because it is ancient.

If *one* would clog invention, and choak improvement, the *other*, with merciless folly, would, in one moment, sweep away the rich wisdom of ages, and substitute nothing in its place, but wild conjecture, and puerile hypothesis.

It was at the house of Mr. Nightly that we met Sir Henry ——. Sir Henry was born to the possession of an affluent fortune. His family was ancient and respectable ; his education was finished at a university ; his mind, though not strong, could not be said to be weak, if excelling in the objects of pursuit be allowed to be a merit. Unfortunately, those objects were neither of an elevated, nor of an honourable nature. He was infected with the fashionable mania of horse-racing and gaming. No man was better skilled in the chances on *Hambletonian* and *Diamond* ; nor was any one better versed in all the tricks of hazard. These were the sole objects of his ambition, and in these he excelled.

I remember, as my father pointed out this brilliant star in the hemisphere of fashion, he insisted very strongly

upon Sir Henry's being an incontrovertible example in support of his favorite axiom ; and putting *Locke* into my hands, he pointed to the following passage :

“ The defect in *Naturals* seems to proceed from want of quickness, activity, and motion, in the intellectual faculties, whereby they are deprived of reason ; whereas madmen, on the other side, seem to suffer by the other extreme ; for they do not appear to me to have lost the faculty of reasoning, but having joined together some ideas very wrongly, they mistake them for truths, and they err as madmen do, who argue right from wrong principles.”

“ Now,” continued my father, “ what can be more clearly expressed ? You would imagine that *Locke*, when he

wrote these words, had in his eye the very identical object we are talking about; that he saw Sir Henry misapplying all the advantages of birth, station, education, and fortune, and, by the strangest species of reasoning, a species of reasoning worthy alone of a madman, *joining together ideas very wrongly and mistaking for a truth*, that the qualities of a jockey and a black-leg are honourable and praise-worthy.

“I am well aware that the fashionable world presents innumerable examples, not merely of a similar nature, but of a nature to which the same reasoning will apply; nor am I ignorant that there are some men who from hence would infer, that what so many follow cannot be wrong, and that that cannot be a disorder with which the whole town is, more or less, infected.

“ Nimirum insanus paucis videatur eo quod

“ Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.”

“ This, however, is false reasoning ; the generality of a disease does not destroy its existence, though it does its singularity. Nor can it be any answer to *Locke*, or any refutation of his principle, to alledge, that *he* has misapplied the term ; for that *we* term such conduct *fashion*, or, when we speak more harshly, we term it *folly*. *I* say, and so would *Locke* say, that *we* misapply terms ; that our vanity, our pride, and our cunning, have invented a thousand erroneous terms, under which the true nature and essence of things are lost to the general view of mankind.

“ It remains for reason and philosophy to penetrate through the veil, and not, like the mass of men, receive principles alike inimical to truth and hap-

piness. Before I conclude, I would make another observation.

“ In speaking of actions, we should never forget, that in applying lenient terms to depraved actions, we are guilty of an error, an error which may be attended with the worst consequences. We mislead those who are led by words rather than by things ; and we induce them to believe there is little or no criminality in this or that pursuit, when the fact itself is otherwise ; but were it not so, the very act of consuming our lives, and applying our talents to things of no merit ; things of neither public nor private virtue, is in itself highly criminal, though its criminality may be increased by the vicious nature of the purposes to which it is applied.

“ Did men speak with the candid

severity which they ought, with respect to actions, many beings would fly from vice, who now too eagerly court it."

CHAPTER XV.

I SHALL pass over many of the scenes of this part of my life. In other words, I shall not fatigue the reader with the many examples which my native country afforded, to substantiate my father's opinion: for the fact literally was, that we could not move a step without treading upon the toe of some being to whom *Swift's* definition would apply—
'A person whose intellectuals were overturned, and his brain shaken out of its natural position, which we commonly suppose to be a distemper, and call by the name of *madness*.'

“ *Locke* himself says, that ‘there are

degrees of madness; but in whatever degree it takes possession of a man's brain, it never fails to be accompanied by a most singular and instinctive *cunning*, which invariably deceives the disordered person, and not unfrequently deludes others."

"When a man's fancy," continues *Swift*, gets astride on his reason, when imagination is at cuffs with the senses, and common understanding, as well as common sense, is kicked out of doors; the first proselyte he makes is himself; and when that is once compassed, the difficulty is not so great in bringing others over; a strong delusion always operating from without as vigorously as from within."

No sooner, therefore, is a man thoroughly infected with this distemper,

than he sets about to find a name for his disorder, if a name is to be found; if not, he sets himself to work to invent a name, which, like the *taking* title of a book, or, like Dr. ——'s advertisements, is sure to impose upon the silly, and *may*, and not unfrequently does, impose upon the prudent; and then, would you but believe the cunning rascal, there is nothing the matter with him; his mind is sound wind and limb; he is merely *fashionable*.

Thus, no sooner does a man mount his hobby-horse *mania*, gallop along the highway helter skelter, like an opposition coach, to the great annoyance of all sober, sedate people, who are passing along our sovereign Lord the King's highway; no sooner does he give the most ample demonstration of his being thoroughly qualified to fill

for life a snug apartment in Bedlam ; no sooner has he taken the most effectual way to ruin and disgrace his family, and turn them loose upon the town ; his sons in the honourable fraternity of black legs, and his daughters in the no less honourable class of demi-reps ; no sooner has a man performed all these dashing and spirited actions ; no sooner, in a word, is he immediately within the meaning of every definition of a madman which has ever been written, than he starts forward—a *fashionable man, a man of the ton, a man of high life !*

Nescio an anticyram ratio illis destinet omnem.

We do not mean to object to the terms, for we are ready to acknowledge that such conduct, as we have described, is *fashionable* ; but when, as *Sir Roger* says, “ any man who thinks can

see, that the affectation of being gay, and in fashion, has very near eaten up our good sense and our religion."

We deem ourselves justified in asserting, that such conduct is that of a *mad-man*. On the other hand, when we allow that such conduct as we have described is fashionable, we would not forfeit the right which reason has given us, to protest against that association which the mind is in the habit of making, when it attaches praise or admiration to such conduct, or when it views the same in a less detestable light than it ought, merely from its being fashionable.

In either of these cases, the mind is guilty of an abuse of terms; and this reminds me of what my father one day remarked to me, that a great proof of

the madness of mankind was to be discovered in their abuse of terms. So various were the meanings attached to the same word, that it was difficult, he remarked, to find any two sets of people who would use the *same* word in the *same* sense.

At the time my father made this remark, we were passing by the Exchange—"Suppose," said, my father, "we step in, and investigate this point."

"Pray," said my father, addressing a respectable looking man, "do you know Mr. ——?"

"Perfectly well, Sir."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"A very *good* one, I assure you."

“ *Good*, do you say ! Why,” continued my father, “ I am told that he debauched his friend’s wife—that he—”

“ Stop !” exclaims the other, “ what have these things to do with the question ? Is he not worth a hundred thousand pounds ?”

So the term *good*, when used on the Exchange means a *rich man*. As we came out of the Exchange, we chanced to meet one of my old college acquaintances. After mutual congratulations were past, I enquired if he knew Jack Lackwit ?

“ Know him ! yes,” he exclaims, “ and a cursed good fellow he is.”

“ *Good !*” I replied, “ why I hear that he is the most stupid fellow in the

whole university, and, at the same time, the most extravagant and vicious ; in brief, that he is—”

“ My dear fellow, do not be in such a hurry : I saw Jack drink three bottles without being *cut*. ”

He bowed, and walked on, finding that *good* meant a man who could drink three bottles without being intoxicated.

We had scarcely left this spark, ere we were accosted by a limb of the law, the spruce Mr. *Qui-tam*. He was very elaborate in praise of a pleader of eminence, and termed him a *good* lawyer. We found by the discourse of *Qui-tam*, that no man was better skilled than this pleader was in all those quirks and quibbles by which Vice escapes her merited

punishment, and Virtue is retarded in pursuit of justice.

Scarcely had we escaped from this nursling of litigation ere we fell in with a sectary. He praised the *goodness* of one of his own sect; of a man whom I had often heard censured for his vices and his hypocrisy.

It was in vain that my father urged, that this *good* man had seduced the daughter of his friend, who, on his death-bed, had confided his child to the care of this viper.

The other replied, that no man attended a meeting more punctually—no man's faith was greater—nor was any man's zeal for the cause more lively and active.

My father heavily sighed ; and, in a low tone of voice, softly ejaculating, *Qui sceleratus et furiosus erit*, walked silently on.

CHAPTER XVI.

WE had scarcely been in town a fortnight ere we received an invitation to join a large route, which Mr. Nightly intended to give at a future and distant day. As my father was desirous of shewing me what is termed "the world," we accepted the invitation.

Many rooms were opened on the occasion, but there were some things that occasioned my surprize. Although I was almost suffocated by the intolerable pressure of the crowd, I could continually hear the expressions, "Nobody here," "Rooms prodigiously empty," and others of a like import.

My father saw my surprize, and whispered me, that the people who made use of these expressions had the *mania of affectation*, and, in fact, laboured under the error of *joining together ideas very wrongly, and mistaking for a truth*, that the affectation of greatness was, in truth, greatness itself; when the reverse is nearer the fact.

As we wandered through the rooms, I was particularly struck with the attention paid to a female, whose person was neither young nor fascinating. My father anticipated my question, and remarked, that it must appear singular to me, though it was a fact, that the lady in question, though followed and courted by the crowd, was suspected, and that rather strongly too, not to be over virtuous or honourable.

“ But,” added my father, “ she is a peeress of the realm ; her parties are most splendid ; and she had been allowed, though not without some opposition, to give the fashion ; or, in other words, to be the fashion. To what,” continued my father, “ can you ascribe the circumstance, that an adultress, a black-leg, a woman neither of religion nor principle, should have this universal influence ? Why that the fountain is poisoned at its source—that madness is the rage—that the most lamentable indifference to every thing, save the mere name of virtue, is prevalent in certain circles ? But come, let us press forwards ; let us leave what often contaminates by its example. I see that which may contaminate in its effect. Do you observe that gentleman who is listened to by the circle around him, with so much flattering complacency ?

That man is celebrated as a duellist and a libertine."

"And those women!" I exclaimed, who listen to him?"

"They are called," my father answered, "virtuous; how long they may continue so may be a serious question."

"But what can tempt them," I replied, "to listen to the depraved being you have described?"

"Their's, my boy, is the *mania* of vanity; they are no less mad than their neighbour, but it is in their own way. Each of them thinks she shall subdue this enemy to female virtue; and, in the hope of this brilliant triumph, she is ready to incur any danger. But here a firm and virtuous retreat is at least as

honourable as victory, whilst it is far more wise and prudent. To reclaim the character in question is, of all attempts, the most futile; the man who can calmly seduce the wife of his bosom friend, and then coolly shoot the husband through the head, is too far gone for a silly, vain woman to restore him to virtue. As nothing, therefore, can be more “*opposite to reason*,” than the attempt, so nothing can be more insane, than for a woman rashly to expose her character and virtue in a contest, where she will gain, at the utmost, a being that she should reject with horror; and where she may add to the catalogue of those unfortunate creatures, who have already fallen victims to his black depravity.”

“ But some of the ladies appear to be married women. How is this, Sir ?

“ You mean,” answered my father, “ how can their husbands submit to their wives having such an acquaintance as the man in question. This requires some explanation. Their husbands, though indifferent, perhaps, towards them, are not, we must suppose, indifferent to what they term their own honor. What, then, can tempt them to allow their wives such an acquaintance? The most prudent of them would, perhaps, tell you, that they would not suffer the man in question *to enter their houses* ; that if they were too nice, they must give up all society ; and that allowing their wives to hold a conversation in a general and mixed society, cannot be productive of any injury. There is in these two last reasons much sophistry, because it is neither necessary for a man to give up all society, nor to encourage depravity ; neither is

the danger, in a general and mixed society, so small as they would represent it; since, in a general assembly, those plans are frequently concerted, which are afterwards but too fatally executed in privacy.

“ Another set of men there are in the world, who indulge their wives in the same liberty from a principle much less respectable, and therefore more censurable.

“ The men to whom I now allude are those who will submit to any absurdity *rather than be laughed at.* Though such men happen to be fond of their wives, they will submit to the possible chance of having their happiness for ever wrecked, rather than incur imputation of jealousy from those beings whose opinions they ought to de-

spise—whose principles they ought to depreciate.

“ It would be almost impossible to produce the many instances which have occurred to my observation of this *mania*. However ridiculous it may seem, it is by no means uncommon. It is so obviously a species of insanity, that I need not demonstrate what every child would be convinced of, who saw a man staking hundreds, in order to prove that he was worth pence.”

I here interrupted my father, by remarking, that what he said, though applicable to a considerable class of individuals, did not yet seem to apply to the general mass of the beings who composed such an assembly as that we were then in; and that there must be many respectable and virtuous men not

contaminated by the errors he deprecated, who introduced their wives and children into such assemblies as the present.

“ Perhaps so,” replied my father, “ some few are not aware of the vices which surround them ; some again, though aware, are yet not fully apprehensive of the extent of the danger ; but, generally speaking, that *mania* which blends virtue and vice into one promiscuous confusion, which esteems vice as connected with rank and fortune as venial, or, at least, as much less censurable, is far too general, far too fashionable and prevalent.

“ What should we say to a man who happened to be placed in a city infected with the plague ; who saw it spreading in every direction around

him, and yet, without taking the proper precautions to avoid it, expected that it would neither attack nor injure his family or person? What should we say? As such conduct is *opposite to reason*, and could only arise from a most fatal *disorderly jumbling of ideas*, it can admit but of one name, and in fact can be general only in that country where “ *madness itself is the rage.* ”

My father was here interrupted by the approach of a gentleman in black, whom he immediately addressed by the name of Elwick. The person of Colonel Elwick was tall and thin, but yet, if a small bend in the shoulders be excepted, not destitute of grace. His countenance was sallow yet expressive; and a certain intelligence in his eye evinced that he was not destitute of talents. He looked with an air of indif-

ference upon the busy scene before him; yet his penetrating glance frequently perused the face of every young female who passed before him. Absorbed in painful absence, he was often inattentive to the questions put to him. I felt a singular interest to be acquainted with the events of his life, but no opportunity offered of inquiring of my father, from whom Colonel Elwick suddenly broke, after exclaiming as he left us, "What idle farce dwells here."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE next morning, as we sat at breakfast, Belville requested my father would advise him how he was to proceed in an affair of some intricacy and difficulty.

It seems that my cousin, in his different campaigns, had acquired considerable property, as his proportion of plunder and prize-money, and that he had, at various times, remitted nearly the whole of it into the hands of an agent. The agent, who was a man of strict honor, had sent the proper acknowledgments to Belville by the hands of a friend,

who had unfortunately fallen into the hands of the enemy.

When Belville arrived in his native country, his first step was to apply to the agent ; but, to his great surprize and regret, he learnt that the agent had died a short time before, and that all his affairs and papers were in the hands of Mr. Timothy Chicanery.

To Mr. Timothy Chicanery, then, Belville directed his steps, and having rather inconsiderately acknowledged that all his proofs of the debt were lost, he found Chicanery by no means disposed either to allow any claim justly existed, or that he had effects to pay such, if it were possible to substantiate it.

My father was at a loss what to advise ; but proposed, for the present, to

wave the consideration of the subject as the carriage was at the door waiting to conduct us to the house of Mr. Classical, a relation of ours, who resided a few miles from town, and to whom we had not yet paid our respects.

As we approached the mansion of Mr. Classical, I could not but remark the uniform style of architecture, that pervaded every building. Here was a Grecian cenotaph—there a Grecian bath—here a Grecian urn—there a Grecian temple. In short, as we drove up the park, I could almost persuade myself that I breathed the mild air of *Attica*, had not a sharp northerly wind checked the idle fumes of a wandering imagination.

Upon entering the house, I was

astonished at the singular dress of our host, which consisted of a large crimson mantle, whilst his head was crowned with a chaplet of flowers.

Having conducted us into a splendid room, we were regaled with a profusion of fruits, ices, and wines. My father and our host now entered into an animated conversation, but the subject was purely the customs and manners of the ancients, for whom Mr. Classical expressed the most unbounded admiration. I now perceived the source of the singular extravagance I had remarked, in the dress and appearance of our host, which he intended as a compliment to us, because the ancients were always habited in that manner, when they regaled their friends. *Quis unquam cœnavit atratus?* Who has ever been known to sup in

black ? asks Cicero, evidently alluding to this identical custom.

As we were returning home, my father observed that Mr. Classical was a man of considerable natural talents, although they were obscured by some singularities, as, indeed, we must have observed. It seems, that, in early life, he had addicted himself to the study of the ancients ; and that, being a man of great native taste, and much soundness of judgment, he had passionately admired the splendid relics of antiquity on the subjects of pœtry, oratory, and philosophy. His mind by an easy transition, had passed from an admiration of the works of the ancients to a fondness for their manners and customs to which, from a partiality uncommon, except amongst the learned, he had given the most decided preference

when compared to those of his own age and country. But, though this led him into some absurdities, and often occasioned his forgetting, that what was adapted to the warmth of a Grecian sky, was but little in unison with our northern atmosphere, it was impossible not to admire the elegance and justness of his taste, when descanting upon the sublimity and beauty of the bards of antiquity, or when investigating the principles of their great philosophers.

Struck with the soundness of Mr. Classical's observations on these subjects, I could not resist expressing the pleasure I felt, as I heard this singular man enlightening every subject connected with ancient literature. He observed it, and acting upon the delusion which threw an air of singularity

over every thing he did, he invited Belville and myself to an entertainment, which, he said, he would endeavour to conduct, in as strict a conformity with the manners and customs of the ancients, as the nature of things would admit. We accepted the invitation, less from a desire of seeing what we had so often read of, than from the pleasure, we flattered ourselves we should derive, from the entertaining conversation of our host. As my readers, in all probability, were never present at such an entertainment, I shall appropriate the next chapter to a particular description of it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WE took care not to make our visit before the evening, for we were aware that, consistent with the rules of Athenian politeness, we should be neither too early, nor too late.

Upon our arrival we were received by our host in the *aule* or hall of the mansion. He extended his *right* hand to us, this being the most common mode of salutation among the ancients, and being esteemed by them a sincere pledge of fidelity and friendship.

He then conducted us through the

different apartments of his house, observing that it was, by the ancients, accounted a mark of ill-breeding immediately to sit down to the table. He did not forget to shew us his bath, which consisted of the *apoduterion*, or room for undressing; the *baptisterion*, or hot bath; and the *aoutron*, or cold bath. He remarked that the ancient baths generally consisted of five rooms, but the other two were connected with the use of ointments, a thing unnecessary in our cold climate. From hence we were conducted to the banqueting room. As we approached it, we were agreeably surprized by inhaling the rich odours of some precious woods, which were burning.

Some servants now appeared bearing salvers filled with water, which they proceeded to pour upon our hands.

We then drew by lot for the king of the banquet, whose peculiar office it is, to keep the company in order, without checking a proper degree of freedom ; to give the signal for circulating bumpers ; to name the toasts, and to observe that all the laws of drinking are attended to. The lot fell upon our host.

We now approached the table, which was strictly in the Grecian costume. Around it were spread the beds or couches for the guests, each bed or couch being covered with crimson tapestry. Upon these we reclined, supporting the upper parts of our bodies on our left arms, the lower being stretched out at length, or otherwise placed, according to the pleasure of each individual.

Our host now remarked to us, that the ancients were accustomed to place the statues of some of their gods upon the table, to whom they offered libations, in return for the benefits they had received. Hence, as he observed, the rites of hospitality were held sacred; since to violate them was an insult to those deities, who, being present, were supposed to preside over them.

The first course, or *deipnon proimion*, now made its appearance. It consisted of a variety of herbs, eggs, honey, shell-fish, small birds, &c. &c. the object of which, as our host informed us, was rather to create than allay appetite.

After we had amused ourselves with the first course, the second, or *deipnon*, made its appearance, in which the taste of our host and his liberality went hand

in hand, to present us with whatever was esteemed most exquisite in game, poultry, and fish.

This was followed by the *trite trapeza*, or third course, which consisted of a great variety of sweetmeats and fruits of every description.

Our host here remarked with a smile, that he supposed we were not desirous of availing ourselves of our right, as guests, of choosing each what was most agreeable to the taste of his friend, and sending it to him ; an attention seldom omitted at the ceremonious entertainments of the Athenians.

I had almost forgot to observe, that previously to our entering the supper-room, we had, in compliance with the wishes of our host, arrayed ourselves in

white. During the period which elapsed between the first and second course, servants entered, bearing in garlands composed of freshly-gathered flowers, with which each guest adorned his head, whilst the remaining chaplets were scattered in different parts of the room.

And now I am on the subject of flowers, I should not omit, that a rose was suspended over the table, to signify that what was there spoken should be buried in silence ; an allusion borrowed from the tradition, that the rose was dedicated by Cupid to Harpocrates, the God of Silence, in order to engage him to conceal the amours of Venus.

Our host lamented that the nature of our climate was averse to the use of ointments, to which the Greeks were so

passionately addicted, that they considered no entertainment complete without them.

The *crateres*, or goblets, were now introduced ; one being appropriated for the use of each guest. They were small, but of silver, and were beautifully embossed with designs from the *antique*, representing some of the fables relating to the god Bacchus. These, having been decked with garlands, were filled to the brim, as a mark of respect to each of the guests.

Our host now elevates his goblet, and having uttered the Grecian word *chaire*, he sent the goblet to Belville, observing, that, by the Athenian rules of good-fellowship, he was to drink off whatever remained in the goblet. The same compliment was paid

to each of us, beginning with strict propriety, and carrying the *propination* towards the right hand.

We now drank to our absent friends, omitting that custom by which, at the mention of each name, a small quantity of the wine was poured upon the ground, by way of libation to the gods, for the happiness of those whose names were drank.

Our host here remarked, with a smile, that the names of our mistresses should also "live in our flowing cups."

After we had consumed some time in this manner, our host lamented that the lyre of the ancients was lost, and with it the custom for each guest to accompany it with his voice, holding at the same time a branch of laurel or

myrtle in his hand. But he had endeavoured, to the best of his power, to atone for the loss we must experience, in being deprived of this exquisite part of the entertainment.

As he uttered these words, the spreading doors of the banqueting-room suddenly flew open, and we were entertained by the vocal powers of some excellent singers, whom our entertainer had hired for the express purpose.

As they ceased, a delightful band exerted all its powers to charm us—now breathing a softly voluptuous air—now swelling in full majesty—then dying gradually away on the gale, and now again calling us to life with its sprightly and animating tones.

This was only a prelude to the entry

of a set of buffoons, mimics, and jugglers, who, having diverted us with their humour, grimaces, and dexterity, retired.

The conversation now, insensibly, took a turn to the philosophy of the Greeks ; and the works of the Stagyrte were mentioned. In answer to an observation upon the subject, Mr. Classical replied,

“ I think the *Ethics to Nicomachus* the finest system of morality ever written without the aid of revelation. The author lays it down, that all human actions have some particular object in view, and tend, either mediately or immediately, to one grand determinate end, viz. *Happiness* :—and that the only road to happiness is *Virtue*. Having proved this fundamental position, he is

led into a consideration of each virtue in particular; and he concludes his system with giving the decided preference to intellectual happiness, as contrasted to mere practical, because it is more sublime, more capable of durability, and the most resembles the happiness we must ascribe to the Deity.

“ But this system, beautiful as it undoubtedly is, is only an introduction to his great work on *Politics*. It is very much to be lamented that this work has descended to us in a mutilated state. Yet, labouring as it does under this disadvantage, I should have no hesitation in giving it the decided preference to every other work on the subject which has ever appeared.

“ *Montesquieu* himself, that Hercules in the principles of legislation, borrow-

ed profusely from this source, but had not always the candour to acknowledge the obligation. I allude more particularly to the first volume of *L'Esprit des Lois*. But to return to the *Politeia* of the Stagyrte, I had forgotten one very high merit it possesses. I mean its very intimate connexion with the *Ethics*. The Stagyrte lays it down as an eternal, immutable principle, that states, like men, must be virtuous in order to be happy; and that that state will always be the most happy which is the most virtuous. States, like men, may err, and think that a crooked and vicious system of policy will most contribute to their interest: but the advantage that they gain can never be permanent, and short will be the period ere the machine rebound upon its master, and bury him beneath its ruins!"

It was late ere we departed, no less

pleased with the intellectual powers of our host, than amused by that singular attachment to the manners and customs of the ancients, which appeared the only foible of his character, and which, like a spot upon the sun's disk, was lost amidst the refulgence surrounding it.

CHAPTER XIX.

I MUST now hasten to introduce some new characters to the acquaintance of my readers.

I believe I have not informed them that my father had one sister, whose character I once heard him describe in terms nearly resembling the following :

She had a mind, he observed, strong and vigorous, which was well calculated to elevate her character to an enviable height of excellence, had it not too often been at the mercy of passions the most violent and ungovernable.

Her soul was warm and generous, capable of heroic acts of goodness; and, it is but justice to say, they sat with such an air of ease upon her, that we might easily perceive they were natural to her character, and that it was no exertion to her to perform them.

But, as she was capable of ascending to a great height in the scale of virtuous and mental excellence, she could also descend into the scale of depravity. She was proud to a degree bordering on crime. Hence, as her passions, frequently tempestuous, and always powerful, led her not unoften into prejudices, her pride prevented that candour, which would have induced her to recede or retract; and error once adopted was for ever persevered in. She was always in extremes. To-day you were the bright angel of her fancy, but ere the

morrow's setting sun, you were the demon, whose pestiferous breath corroded every object on which it alighted.

She married, when very young, a man whose character will illustrate itself in the events of his life. Let it for the present suffice, that he differed in many respects from my father.

My aunt, as I shall henceforth call her, knew that my father approved not of her choice. She had previously made up her mind, and the opposition of my father not only augmented her resolution, but created a coolness between the families, which had not totally subsided at the period of our journey to the metropolis.

My aunt had now been married nearly twenty years. Few had been the

visits which had passed between my father and her ; but as my father had perceived, since his arrival in town, or rather imagined that he had perceived, something like unhappiness in his sister's mind, the native goodness of his soul had got the better of every thing, and he had latterly treated her with a gentleness, a kindness, and an affection, that had touched her to the soul. Things were in this state, when my father was one evening broken in upon by the entrance of a servant, who intreated that he would not hesitate a moment, but fly to my uncle's house.

Alarmed and startled at the sudden message, we hastened together to the mansion. Eternal Providence ! Never shall I forget the scene that presented itself to our eyes. Reclined on the sofa, lay my uncle, in the horrors of death,

the most dreadful, the most agonizing to the soul, for it was inflicted by his own hand during a paroxysm of despair.

Near him stood the surgeon, endeavouring, without effect, to stop the effusion of blood, which proceeded from a wound made in the head by a pistol-bullet.

In the indescribable agony of the blackest despair, rendered, if possible, more dreadful by the faint ray of hope, which the heart, to relieve itself of its misery, would now and then throw across the scene, in the blackest despair, stood my aunt ; pale and haggard were her looks, livid were her lips ; frenzied was the glance of her immovable eye, but tearless and dry ; her hand was convulsively grasped in that of her

expiring husband. At the foot of the sofa the little objects of their love were seated. One little girl was crying, whilst a boy was endeavouring to stop her tears; another was inquiring of his mother when poor papa would get better; for such had been the sudden nature of the blow, that no one had taken the children from the room of misery.

Reader, I must be brief; and if thou hast any humanity, thou wilt thank me; for I now shudder to recal this picture of consummate wretchedness.—My paper is blotted with my tears. Let it suffice, then, to remark, that a few moments only elapsed, ere my uncle breathed his last.

CHAPTER XX.

HE was born to affluence ; life expanded its sweetest flowers to captivate his youth ; but sophistry poisoned the flowers that bloomed around him. It is difficult to state the period *when* he imbibed ideas inimical to his happiness, and subversive of his peace ; but it is most probable, that, during the first lessons of infancy, he was taught to think erroneously.

His education was vicious ; the food his mind received tended to disease it, and prepared it for the reception of that insanity, to which he ultimately

fell a victim : for religion, which ought to have been the basis, was either altogether neglected, or was treated with an indifference productive of contempt ; whilst, among the earliest rudiments of instruction, he was persuaded to laugh at the honest and respectable opinions of mankind, and to view them as prejudices unbecoming a man of the world ; and at the same time he was taught to believe, that the vices of a gentleman were venial, whilst those of a plebeian were at once disgusting and unpardonable ; a distinction which, it is unnecessary to observe, neither reason nor morality sanctions.

If such were the early impressions of his youth, it cannot surprize, that he plunged, with headlong impetuosity, into the vices and dissipations of the day.

Scarcely had he commenced this course of life, when chance introduced him to my father's sister. Her fortune, her connexions, her person, and her manners, were alike unobjectionable; and he married her.

I shall be brief upon the subsequent events of his life; for, I grieve to say, he merely lived a life, the frequency of which has destroyed the surprize of *any*, and prevented the reflection of *most*, who might otherwise perceive its criminality. Whilst few men were more fashionable, few were more vicious; whilst few were more honorable, few were more dishonest; whilst his barouche rattled along the street, his barouche-maker was unpaid; and whilst his debts of honour were punctually discharged, his tradesmen starved.

In this *fashionable* routine, he contributed to elevate and support the vicious and depraved, whilst, by depriving the honest and industrious of their own, he struck a deadly blow at the breast of Virtue.

If this course of life were long, it must be ascribed to the extent of his means, which enabled him to postpone the day of retribution. But as that fatal day approached, Despair first unveiled her paralyzing countenance: he shrunk with horror from the view; and, in the agony of the moment, flew to plunge himself still deeper in the gulf.

What were his reflections? Could he, in the faithful annals of a too retentive memory, recal one act of pure, noble, and disinterested goodness?

Could he recal one act of private, or of public virtue; one defenceless being, rescued from the gripe of oppression; one patriotic exertion, against corruption. Alas, no ! His fortune, his character, ruined, and for what ?

To run a silly, infuriate round of idle bustle,
To be the most ridiculous puppet on the stage :

To feed parasites, fools, and knaves :
to be the vainest of the vain : to be a
slave to Pleasure, and, under her assumed name, to lead a life of disgusting fatigue, monotony, and insipidity.

—Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void ;
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain :
This moment hurrying wild 'th' impassion'd soul,
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank ;
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,
Who, all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
A drooping family of modest worth.—THOMSON.

Alas! agonizing were his reflections, and Religion, with her all-subduing smile, soothed him not as he labored under them; for he had *fashionably* excluded her from the number of his acquaintance.

To be brief, for it is a melancholy tale, a pistol ended a life, which was a burthen to the being who possessed it.

His was certainly a character, which my father would have selected, to illustrate his favourite axiom. My father would have reasoned, had not the big tear always trickled down his cheek, at the mention of my uncle's name, he would have reasoned thus: Few men ever entered life, with means more abundant, of rendering the greatest service to public, and to private

virtue. As a senator, he might have improved our laws, and his smile, from this elevated station, would have nourished virtue, and paralyzed vice.

As a man of large fortune, various were the opportunities of shewing his benevolence, his humanity, his generosity. Thousands might have thrived beneath the general ray of his bounty; thousands might have hailed him, as their friend, their preserver, their protector. He might have elevated the standard of virtue, as a sacred banner for all to rally around: but as his bounty, like the waves of a mighty river, might expand to distant shores; its influence would have been no less felt on its native banks. For *his family*, by his example, might have been trained to run a course similar to his own; and sweet would have been his reflections,

as the angel of death summoned him to another scene, sweet would have been his reflections, that others remained to act as he had done ; to keep alive the glowing ray of virtue, and to nourish a warmth, which would cheer the otherwise cold and desolate breasts of thousands. But, having "*joined together ideas very wrongly, and mistaking for a truth*" that happiness was not to be found in Virtue, but in Fashion ; under the influence of this *mania*, he abandoned the pure, delicious streams of virtue, for the cold, doubtful, insipid, cup of fashion. Let us, my father would have continued, let us divest ourselves of all prejudice, and we shall find, that *fashion* is that "*disorderly jumbling of ideas*" which *Locke* emphatically terms, *madness* ; and, at the same time, it is, in every sense of the word, "*opposition to reason.*"

Let us, for example, ask any rational, unprejudiced being, how far he can say that man is of sound intellect, who piques himself upon turning night into day, and day into night; upon walking for a couple of hours in a narrow, dirty street, at the risk of being run over, or knocked down; upon exposing himself to the chance of being squeezed to death, in a room to contain *all the world*; upon wearing clothes made by a certain taylor only; upon speaking in a certain tone, and swearing in a certain mode; upon violating all duties, moral and divine; upon preferring any man's wife to his own, but upon being extremely affronted, if any man should be so unreasonable, as to wish to return the compliment &c. &c. This, Sir John, is the sum of thy excellence.—Cast it up—how small is the merit? None—for fools and rogues

have played the same game, and often played it better than thou hast. Yet, you exclaim, I shall be *remembered* in the annals of Fashion !

How long ? Until a man more mad, appears. He comes—My Lord starts to-morrow to run the same course—thou art forgotten !

Now, continues my father, if we make but little ceremony, in popping a man into *Bedlam*, who has only *one* irrational and strange notion, and that, perhaps, a notion perfectly inoffensive, what should we do to such a being, as the one I have just described—a man, who has the *mania* of at least a hundred madmen, summed up in himself ; in other words, *madness* enough to stock all *Bedlam*.

Happy would it be, if there were few such. As the case is, we grieve for human nature. But if the common mass, unendowed with superior powers either of mind, or of soul; if the common mass must excite a sigh, as we contemplate the beings composing it, hurried away by this mania, what must be our emotions as we behold the man of genius a victim to the same disease?

Alas! why should the poet sing, the historian write, the warrior bleed, or the patriot die, if happiness and glory are centered in fashion? Was it to play this idle part in the drama of life, a part more worthy of a puppet than a rational being? Was it for this that the Creator has adorned man with such a variety of powers? Was it for this that the mind breathes its divine

its unextinguishable ardor and sublimity; that the bosom heaves with a thousand emotions, no less generous than tender; and that the heart is so endued as to quit without a pang all the paraphernalia of fortune, whilst it heaves a melancholy sigh, as it gazes, for the last time, on the impassioned eye of love, or the pale cheek of friendship? Assuredly not—poor and barren may be the mind, cold and cheerless the heart; science may never have illumined the one, benevolence may never have warmed the other. Yet the being so endued may be, I should rather say is, the fittest subject to receive this disease, called Fashion, and carry it with him to the grave. Reader, ere I quit the subject, I would present thee with a fragment, which I found amongst my father's papers. It was entitled "The Birth of Fashion." If

thou wilt bestow five minutes in perusing the next chapter, thou wilt perhaps discover its tendency. If the *ohé!* *jam satis* tremble on thy lip, thou canst pass the chapter over.

CHAP. XXI.

THE BIRTH OF FASHION.

IN a remote and obscure age of antiquity, the gods assembled on Mount *Olympus*, for the purpose of adjusting a dispute which had arisen between the rival deities, *Virtue* and *Vice*. The Earth, the theatre of their disputes, had been rent in the contest; and its inhabitants were in a dreadful state of anarchy and rebellion.

Jupiter had, therefore, convoked the present meeting, for the purpose of hearing the claims of each party, and

of passing the decree of Fate upon the subject in dispute.

Silence being proclaimed, Virtue arose. Her person was noble and sublime; her smile was sweeter than the first blush of love, than the last gasp of expiring friendship; her frown was more terrific than the blood-besmeared plague, than life-consuming famine.

I shall not, reader, insult the Deity whom I adore, by attempting to give thee the words that fell from her lips. Let it suffice, that all the deities acknowledged the justice of her claims to universal dominion, since her sole object was to render mankind happy.

Scarcely would Vice suffer Virtue to finish her address, ere she started from her seat, and, with the direst imprecations,

devoted all those to perdition who impeded the unlimited and absolute sway she aimed at.

Jupiter frowned — Olympus trembled, and Earth shook to her centre — “Virtue and Vice, hear the decrees of Fate, and obey. The enmity now existing between you shall subsist until the frail materials of the Earth, and its no less frail inhabitants, shall sink into the womb of time, and be no more. Virtue shall strike no blow at the breast of Vice ; shall pursue her with no hostility or revenge, but shall, by following the sublime, noble, and elevated path, which leads to immortality, express her contempt for her adversary.

“Vice shall, on the contrary, aim the deadly blow at the bosom of Virtue. Often shall Virtue bleed, but

never shall she feel a mortal wound ; though Vice, with unrelenting fury, continue to hurl at her the poisonous darts of malignity, cruelty, and opprobrium.

“ In the end, Virtue shall possess the highest place upon this sacred Mount ; and Vice, unless she become the votary of her antagonist, shall for ever groan beneath the dark shades of *Erebus*.

“ Virtue and Vice, hear the decrees of Fate, and obey. The Earth is the theatre allotted you for innumerable ages ; but it is decreed that a Being shall shortly arise, who will possess a greater empire than either of you. In despite of the exertions of Vice, three parts of her empire will be shared by that Being ; and, notwithstanding the sacred name of Virtue, nearly the whole

of her empire shall shake at the power of the stranger."

The Father of the gods and of men ceased, and the music of the spheres expressed the approbation of the divine assembly. Virtue sighed, but obeyed, and forgot the severity of Fate; in forming plans of happiness for mankind. Vice muttered, and descended, venting imprecations to the earth; but the Being, whom Jupiter had foretold, had preceded her; and *Fashion*, the daughter of *Folly* and *Conceit*, had taken possession of the vacant throne of Vice. To dispossess *Fashion* was impossible, and Vice, therefore, entered into an amicable compromise, to share three parts of her empire with the usurper.

Fashion now took up her abode in Greece, and commenced her reign, by

patronizing Genius, and the favourite children of Genius—Homer, Pindar, Demosthenes, Aristotle, &c. &c. The admiration with which these children of Genius were received, the warm and unbounded eulogiums bestowed upon them, were the consequences of her smile and protection. It was during the same period that she thought proper to patronize a spirit which has been termed Patriotism, and a form of government free and liberal, termed the Republican.

But short was the period of this freak, for Fashion was the most mutable of beings. Indifferent to the fate of scenes which had been once so dear to her, Dulness and Slavery insensibly gained possession of the forsaken seats of Genius and Liberty; and Fashion was seen to spread her silken wings over

the towering capital, the proud seat of the empire of the world.

Under her protection, Romans were the terror and the admiration of the world; but as the smile upon her countenance was clouded with disdain, Romans became the contempt of mankind. Disgusted with the men who followed—men, who, with few exceptions, were a disgrace to their species, Fashion was delighted with the host of barbarians that rushed from “the store-house of nations; and she saw, without dissatisfaction, the Gothic darkness that followed in their train. Amidst the gloom, she again reared her head; she took her stand over the antique gateway of some moat-surrounded monastery; and she smiled as she contemplated the respect bestowed upon her scholastic rubbish and logical subtilty.

Yet, as Fashion was always variable, to-day she beamed upon the waving helmet of heroic chivalry; to-morrow she hurried, with inconsiderate fury, under the banners of the Cross. Sometimes she supported the divine rights of kings; at others, the licentious doctrines of rebellion. Now she decreed that the Pope's frown should hurl monarchs from their thrones; and now, that a powerless, private individual should make the empire of papacy tremble to its centre.

We shall pass over many of the objects which Fashion patronized, and hasten to the conclusion. Fashion, at length, tired of interfering in matters of importance, has, in modern times, often amused herself with things "light as air." She still continues to preserve her variable character, and patronizes, with

heedless rapidity, the rational, and the silly ; the whim of folly, and the result of philosophy ; the illegitimate offspring of vice, and the true heir of virtue ; yet she more particularly delights in a misapplication of her powers, in insulting reason, elevating folly, investing sophistry with the garb of truth, and divesting infidelity of its naturally horrid dress.

In brief, Fashion excels in the delusive colouring she bestows upon objects, and smiles at the absolute adoration which her subjects pay her ; an adoration which blinds them to the deformity of vice and of folly ; whilst the beauty of Virtue, like the mountain rose, perishes unheeded and unprized, unless it is the whim of Fashion to patronize it, which she sometimes does ; for though she shares the throne of Vice,

she invariably acts as an absolute monarch. A proof of which she lately gave, in issuing the following code of laws :

1. My subjects are ordered to act as contradictory as possible to nature and to reason, and ever to be in extremes.

2. My subjects are eternally to pursue pleasure, without ever appearing to be pleased, or without being, in reality, pleased at any thing.

3. My subjects are to change their amusements to create, and not allay, desire.

4. My subjects are to pursue and adopt every thing which is new and expensive ; and they are expressly ordered to leave it off the moment it is contaminated by the use of the vulgar.

5. My subjects are ordered to be freethinkers, for freethinkig is opposite to reason; and great and wise men are generally pious.

By order of her Imperial Majesty,
FASHION.

Signed, CAPRICE.

* * * * *

Cetera desunt.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

1890

January 1st

Dear Mother
I have just received your letter of the 27th
and I am very glad to hear from you
and I hope you are well.

I am well and hope this letter
will find you the same.
I have not much news to write at present.

I have just received your letter of the 27th
and I am very glad to hear from you
and I hope you are well.

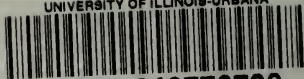
I am well and hope this letter
will find you the same.
I have not much news to write at present.

I have just received your letter of the 27th
and I am very glad to hear from you
and I hope you are well.

I am well and hope this letter
will find you the same.
I have not much news to write at present.



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